

# MODERN



OCTOBER  
No. 102

# COMICS

52

BIG FULL WIDTH  
PAGES

10¢

**WAR**  
IN SEVENTY TWO  
HOURS... Can the  
**BLACKHAWKS**  
prevent it  
in time?







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# BLACKHAWK



**F**ROM THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH THEY CAME TO MERGE INTO THE GLORIOUS TEAM OF FIGHTERS FOR RIGHT AND JUSTICE --- AND TO THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH THEY NOW GO IN QUEST OF A FORBIDDING DOCUMENT THAT CAN MEAN LIFE OR DEATH FOR MILLIONS! THEY ARE THE GALLANT, DARING BLACKHAWKS!

## A MEETING IN A DISTANT CAPITAL...

I TELL YOU, MARLIS, MY  
COUNTRYMEN OF FORNIRIA  
ARE CONVINCED THAT NO  
SECRET TREATY FORSWEAR-  
ING WAR BETWEEN OUR  
LANDS EXISTS!

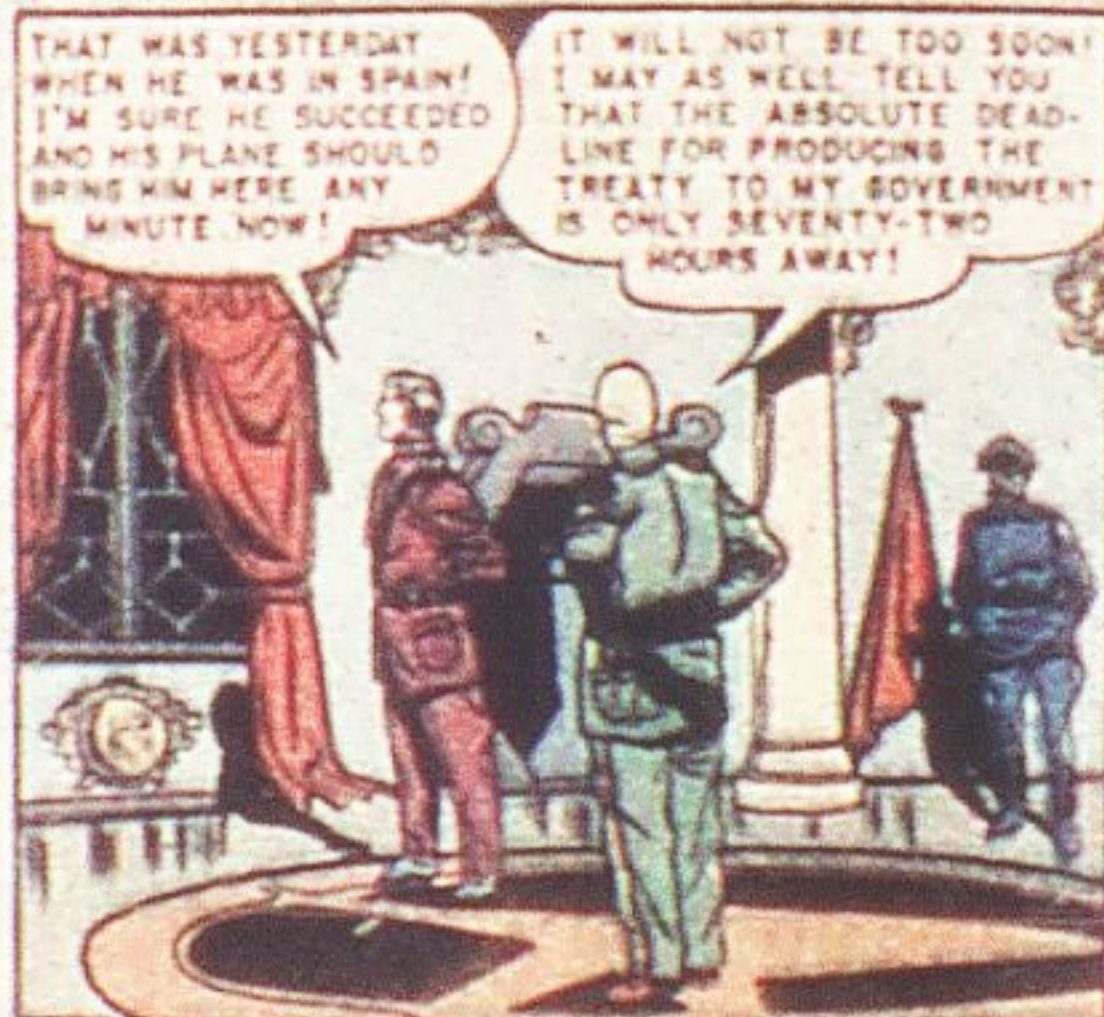
BUT IT DOES...IT DOES!  
I HAVE ASKED THE BLACK-  
HAWKS HERE TO CONFIRM  
THAT IT DOES!

MARLIS IS TELLING THE TRUTH, BENAY! I WAS PRESENT A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO WHEN THE FORMER BELOVED CHIEFS OF BOTH YOUR COUNTRIES SIGNED THE TREATY!

BUT THE TENSION  
BETWEEN SERANIA AND  
FORNIRIA GROWS HOURLY?  
AND UNLESS WE CAN  
PRODUCE THE DOCU-  
MENT... THERE WILL  
BE WAR!











NEITHER OF THEM HAS THE SAME CONFIDENCE OF THEIR PEOPLE THAT THEIR PREDECESSORS HAD!

OH! STILL THEY BOTH SEEM TO WANT PEACE AS MUCH!



THAT'S TRUE! BUT THE HISTORIC TENSIONS BETWEEN THE TWO LANDS HAS FLARED UP AGAIN AND NOW IT HAS BECOME PLAIN THAT ONLY PROOF THAT THE TWO BELOVED, DEPARTED PREMIERS HAD MADE THE PACT COULD PREVENT WAR!

IN SHORT, DER PEOPLE WOULD NOT BAN MAKING WAR OUT OF RESPECT TO DER WILL OF DER DEAD PREMIERS!



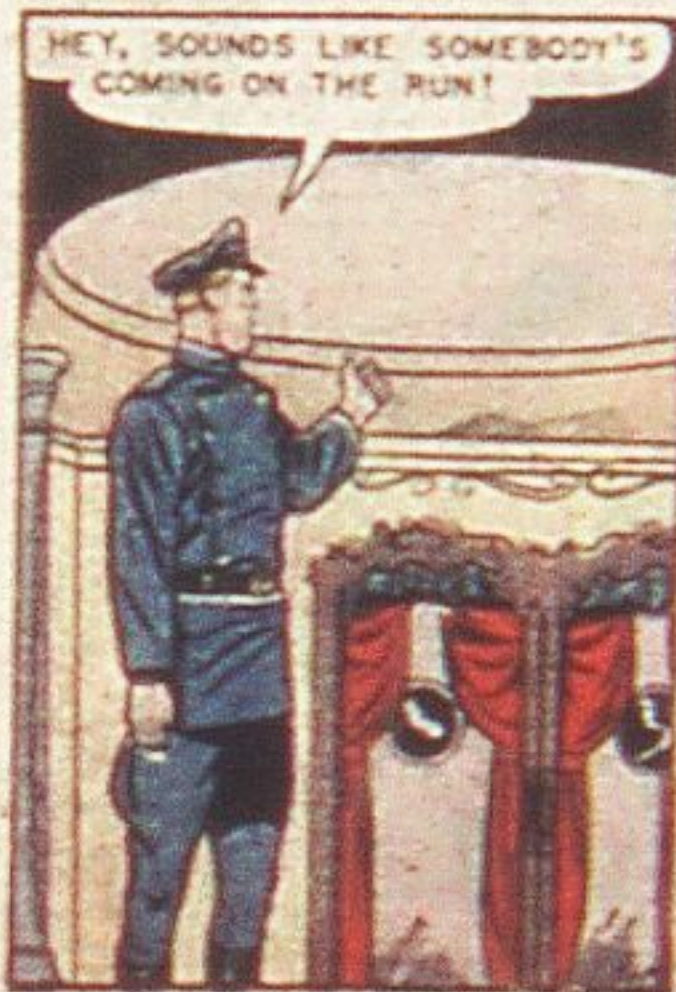
EXACTLY! BUT OBVIOUSLY THE POLITICIANS HAVE BEEN AT WORK AGAIN! JUST WHEN IT BECAME IMPERATIVE TO PRODUCE THE TREATY, IT DISAPPEARED!

WELL, MARLIS SAYS HIS CRACK DETECTIVE IS BRINGING IT BACK SO THERE PROBABLY WON'T BE MUCH FOR US TO DO HERE!



VELLY MUCH TOO BAD WE COME ALL THIS WAY AND NOT FIND ONE GOOD FIGHT!

THIS IS ONE PLACE I'D AS SOON NOT RUN INTO A FIGHT, CHOP CHOP! A WAR HERE THESE DAYS COULD BLOW UP TO TERRIBLE PROPORTIONS!

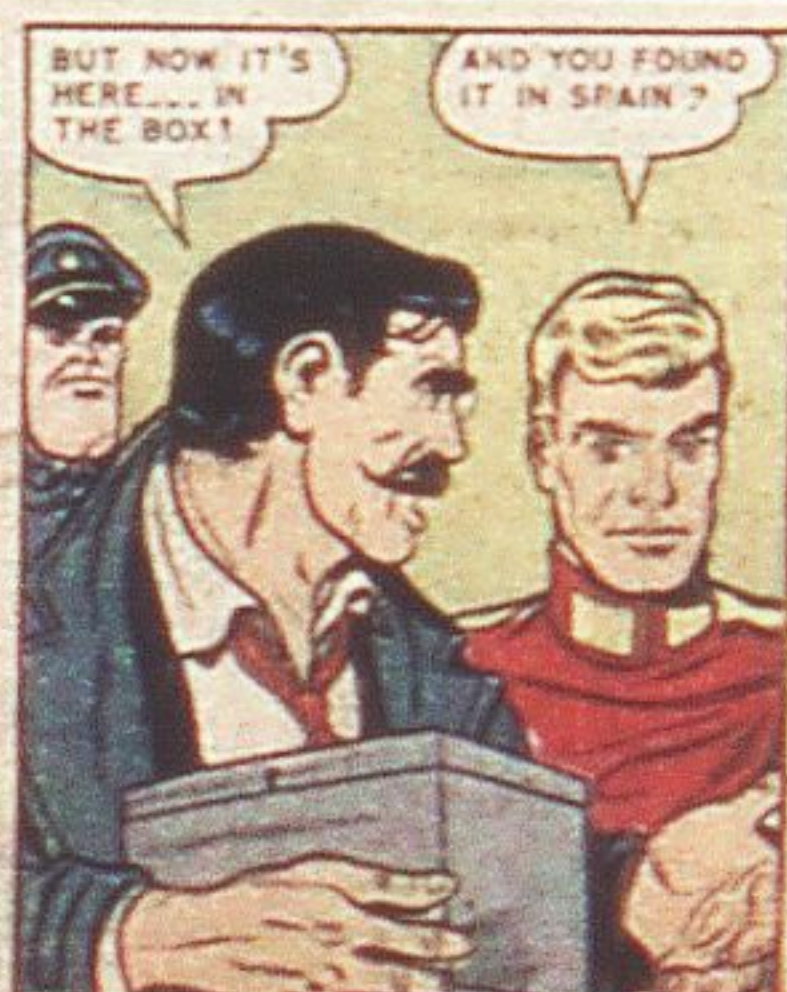


HEY, SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY'S COMING ON THE RUN!



GRADNA! YOU HAVE ARRIVED! YOU HAVE THE DOCUMENT!

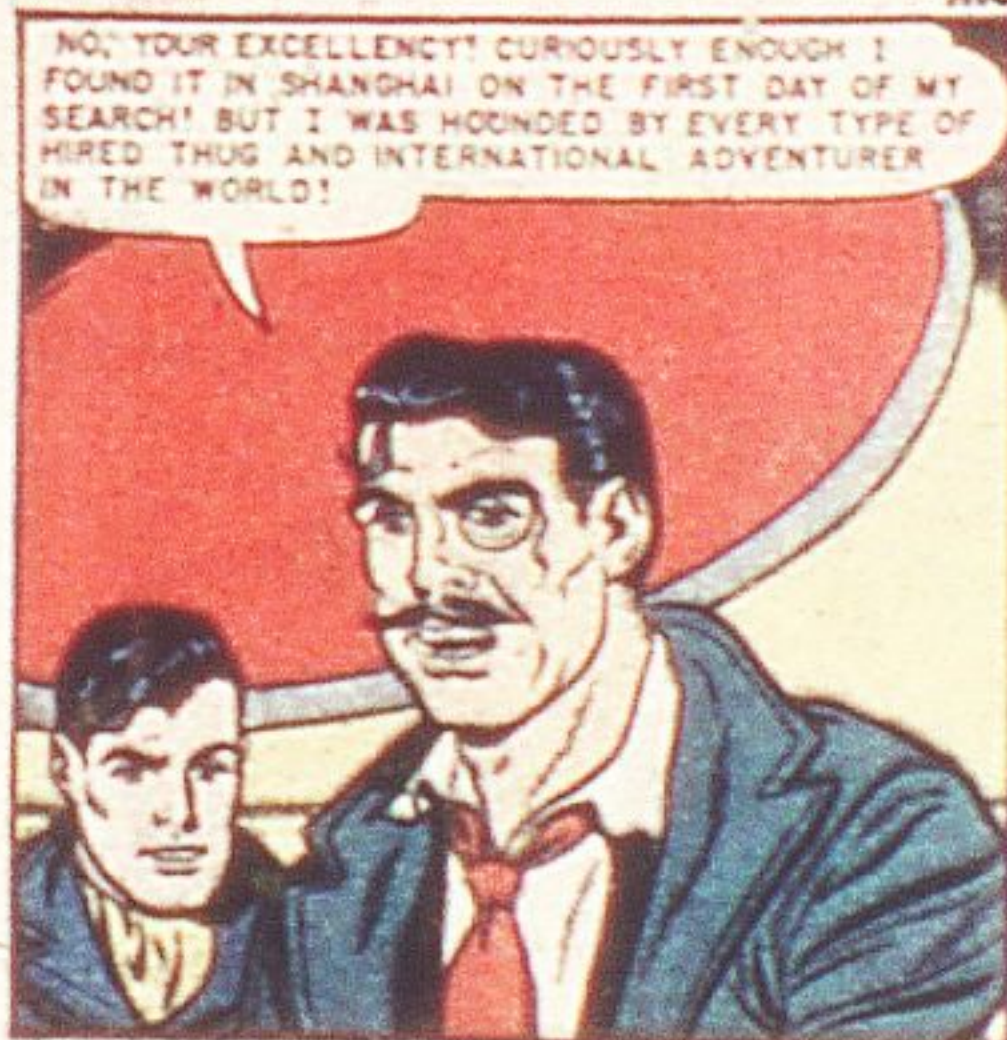
Y-YES! AT LAST THAT HORRIBLE EXPERIENCE IS OVER!



BUT NOW IT'S HERE... IN THE BOX!

AND YOU FOUND IT IN SPAIN?





NO, YOUR EXCELLENCY! CURIOUSLY ENOUGH I FOUND IT IN SHANGHAI ON THE FIRST DAY OF MY SEARCH! BUT I WAS HOUNDED BY EVERY TYPE OF HIRED THUG AND INTERNATIONAL ADVENTURER IN THE WORLD!

SO YOU KEPT SENDING CABLES TO THE EFFECT THAT YOU DIDN'T HAVE THE DOCUMENT YET BUT HOPED TO! A VERY WISE RUSE, GRADNA!

THANK YOU, BLACKHAWK! I KNEW THAT WITH THE CONNECTIONS MY PURSUERS HAD, THEY WOULD HAVE ACCESS TO THESE CABLES! MY IDEA WAS TO THROW THEM OFF THE TRACK!



IT WAS ONLY WHEN I GOT TO SPAIN THAT I FELT CLOSE ENOUGH TO HOME TO BE ABLE TO CABLE THE NEWS THAT I WOULD HAVE THE DOCUMENT!

WONDERFUL, GRADNA! BUT THERE IS LITTLE TIME LEFT! PLEASE OPEN THE BOX SO THAT BENAY CAN SEE THE TREATY!



AT ONCE YOUR EXCELLENCY! I KNOW WHAT THIS TREATY MEANS TO MY COUNTRY!



IT... IT'S GONE! IT ISN'T HERE!



THIS IS A TRICK, MARLIS! YOU'RE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF MY TRUST! PERHAPS THE DOCUMENT DOES NOT EVEN EXIST!

NO! NO! I TELL YOU IT DOES! OH, WHAT A MISFORTUNE!



I CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT! I HAD IT... I HAD IT!

KEEP CALM, GRADNA! TRY TO REMEMBER EVERYTHING! WHEN DID YOU PUT IT IN THE BOX?









REMEMBER, MEN, WE MUST BE BACK HERE BEFORE SEVENTY-TWO HOURS ARE UP AND ONE OF US MUST HAVE THE TREATY! LET'S GO!



AND SO IN THE FASTEST JET PLANES YET MADE THREE GROUPS OF BLACKHAWKS TAKE OFF FOR THREE DIFFERENT POINTS ON THE GLOBE...



HOURS LATER IN SHANGHAI...

A BIG, RED-HAIRED MAN WHO LIVES SOMEWHERE IN THE STREET OF THE CROOKED STEPS! GRADNA RAN INTO HIM BUT HE COULDN'T BE SURE OF THE ADDRESS!

JAY! A RED-HAIRED MAN HERE WOULD BE EASY TO SEE IF HE WOULD COME OUTSIDE!



ONLY HOODS DON'T OFTEN COME OUT OF THEIR HIDEOUTS... OR DO THEY? LOOK AT THAT GUY!



DERE COULD NOT BE TWO LIKE DOT IN SHANGHAI!



PARDON, CHUM, WE'D LIKE A WORD WITH YOU!

I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU CHAPS! BLACKHAWKS, AREN'T YOU? THIS IS AN HONOR!



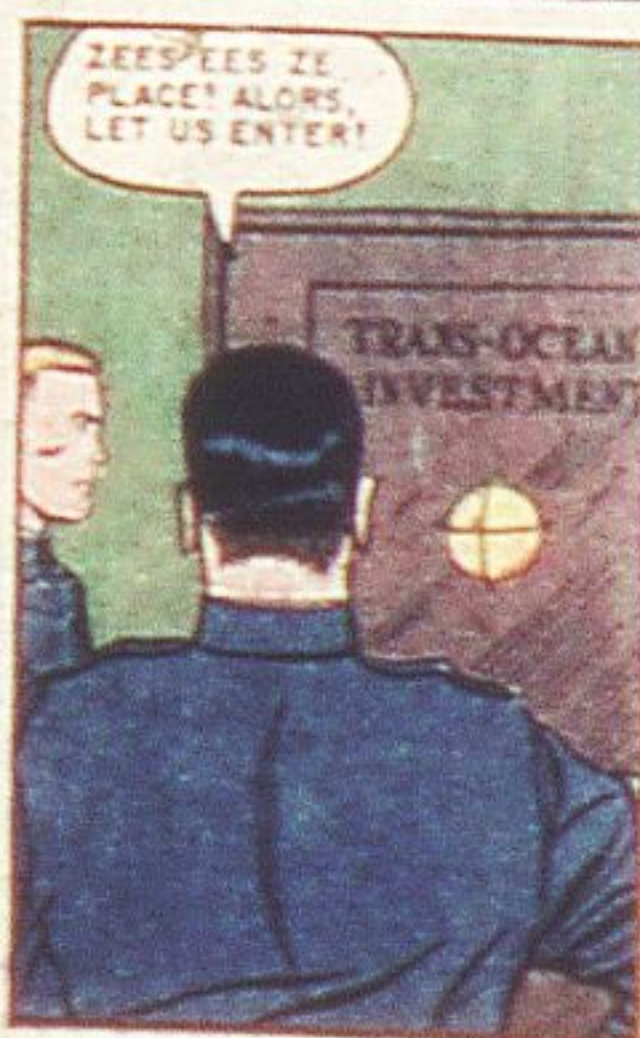
DO COME IN! I WOULDN'T THINK OF PASSING UP AN OPPORTUNITY TO OFFER TWO OF THE FAMOUS BLACKHAWKS MY HOSPITALITY!

CAREFUL, HENDRICKSON! THIS MAY BE ONE OF THOSE SMOOTH GUYS WHO PULLS A SNEAK ATTACK!









MEANWHILE IN NEW YORK...



MADMOISELLE, I HAVE SEEN ZE BEAUTIFUL DAMSELS OF THE NILE, ZE LOVELY CREATURES OF BAGHDAD, ZE EXQUISITE QUES OF SAMARKAND... BUT NEVAIR... NEVAIR...

NEVER ONE AS CUTE AS ME, EH? I'M TOO FAST FOR YOU GLAMOR BOY! WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS?









AM! ZE PRETTY ONE! ZEN YOU WERE NOT AS INDIFFERENT TO ME AS I FEARED!

DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF, BIG BOY! IT'S JUST THAT I NEVER REALIZED UNTIL NOW WHAT KIND OF MURDERING CHARACTERS I WAS WORKING FOR! I OVERHEARD WHAT THEY SAID TO YOU!



QUICK! I'VE HAD TO WANT TO BE THROUGH WITH THIS JOB IN TIME TO WELCOME THE GORILLAS WHEN THEY ARE COMING BACK FROM THE LUNCH!

PARBLEU! THERE EES NOT ONE PAPER HERE THAT LOOKS LIKE A PEACE TREATY!



HERE THEY COME! I HEARD THE ELEVATOR STOP OUTSIDE! WELL, NICE KNOWING YOU FELLOWS! IF YOU HEAR OF A GOOD JOB, LET ME KNOW! I'M QUITTING AS OF NOW! GOODBYE!

AH, BEAUTIFUL ONE, A CHARMING CREATURE SUCH AS YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE TO WORK AT ALL! ADIEU!



THEY BROKE LOOSE!

PLUG 'EM! I KNEW WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TRIED OUT SPIKE'S FANCY METHODS ON 'EM!



BETTER YOU BOYS ARE SAYING YOU SHOULD NOT HAVE TRIED ANYTHING AT ALL WITH US!

JAI! YOU CAN SEE HOW QUICK WE ARE TO RESENT THINGS!



ALORS! WE DID NOT FIND THE DOCUMENT! I HOPE OUR COMRADES IN SHANGHAI OR BARCELONA WILL BE MORE SUCCESSFUL!

IT IS TIME TO START BACK TO SERANIA AND FIND OUT!

AND IN BARCELONA...



THIS IS THE PLACE GRADNA TOLD US ABOUT ALL RIGHT! AND HE MENTIONED A GIRL NAMED BONITA CONNECTED WITH THE THUGS HE ENCOUNTERED HERE!

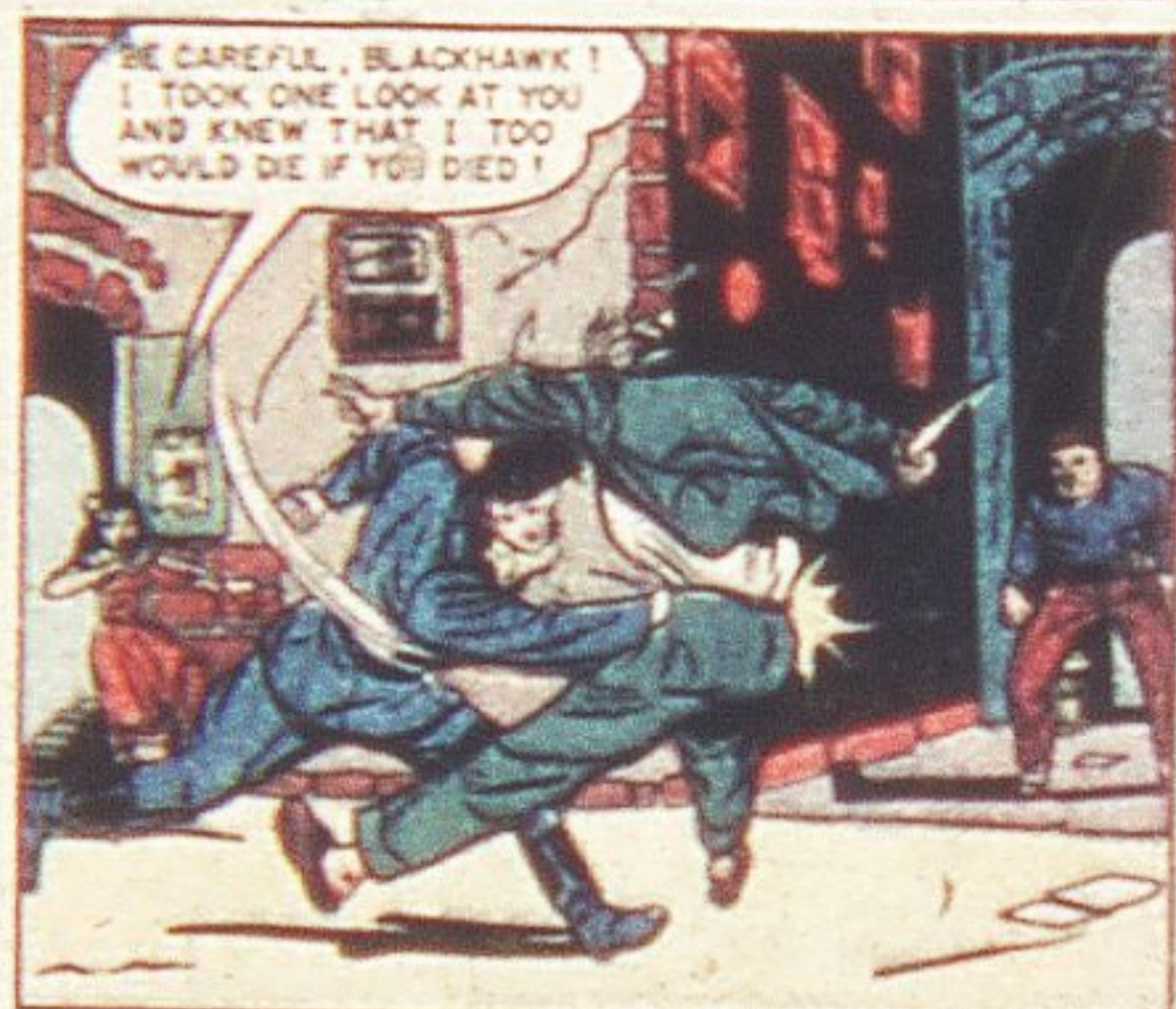
BONITA IS NAME OF DANCER TOO! I HEAR A MAN CALL TO HER!



COME ON, CHOP CHOP! SHE'S ASKING US TO COME BACK WITH HER, UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS! ODD... HOW EASY SHE'S MAKING THIS FOR US!

VELLY PECULIAR!









AND THUS, AS THE CLOCK MOVES INEXORABLY CLOSER TO THE END OF THE DREADED SEVENTY-TWO HOURS...







THE BLACK-HAWKS!

YOU SOUND AS IF YOU DID NOT EXPECT US, GRADNA!

BLACK-HAWK, DID YOU FIND THE TREATY?



NOT YET, YOUR EXCELLENCY! THE CIRCUMSTANCES WERE VERY PECULIAR!

RUBBISH, I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THESE EXCUSES... THESE PRETENSES! THERE IS NO TREATY AND THERE WILL BE WAR! THE SEVENTY-TWO HOURS ARE ALMOST UP!



BUT THERE IS A TREATY, BENAY... AND YOU'VE GOT IT!

WHAT? YOU'RE MAD!



NOT A BIT! HERE IT IS IN YOUR POCKET!

BLACKHAWK, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



YES... YES... THIS IS THE TREATY! BUT BENAY... I DO NOT UNDERSTAND!

OF COURSE YOU DON'T, YOUR EXCELLENCY, HOW COULD YOU? BENAY MASQUERADED AS A PEACE-LOVER! ACTUALLY HE IS THE FOREMOST OF THOSE POLITICIANS YOU MENTIONED WHO WANT WAR!

UH-OH!



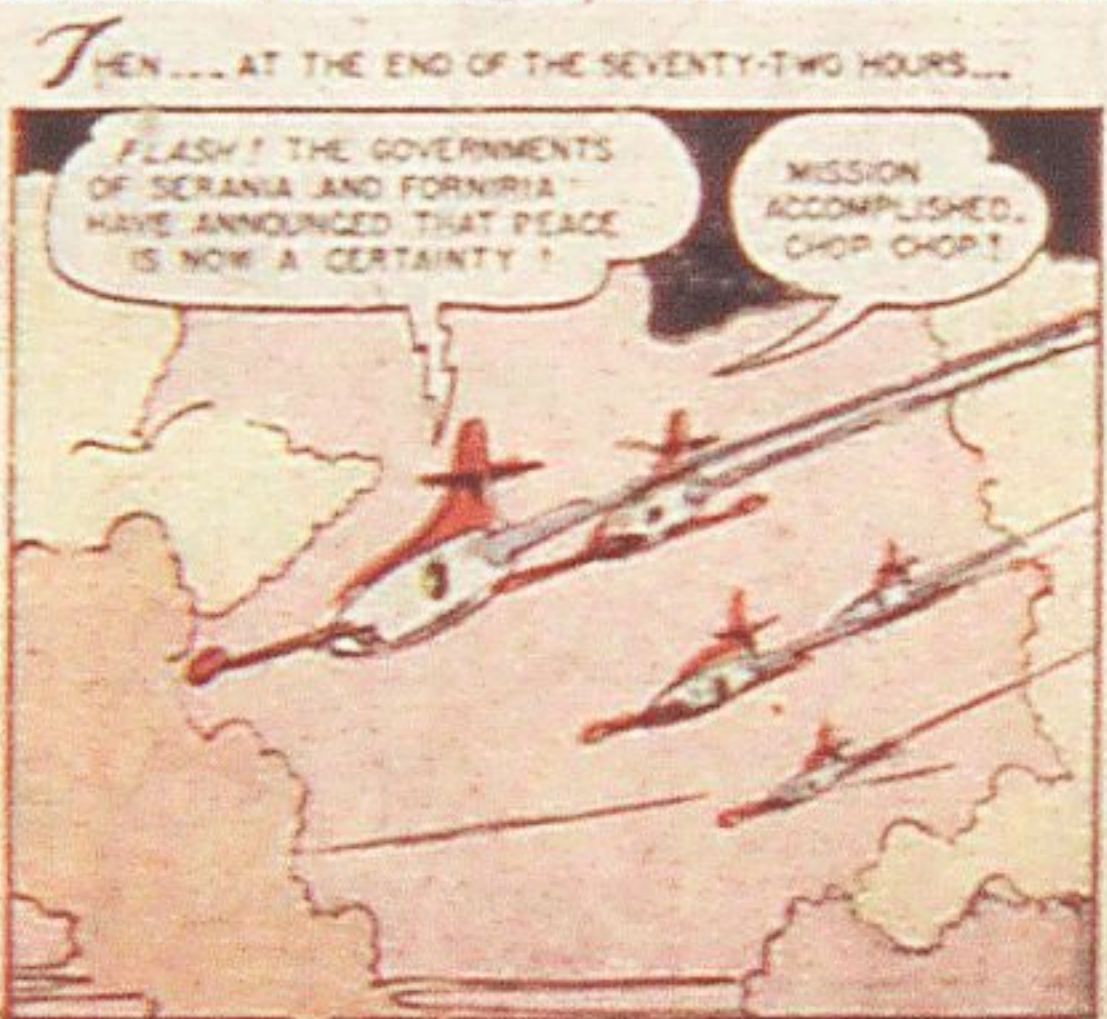
YOU'VE GIVEN US ENOUGH TROUBLE, GRADNA, MAKING US GO ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE ALL OVER THE WORLD!

GRADNA STOLE THE DOCUMENT ORIGINALLY AND BENAY GOT IT FROM HIM A LONG TIME AGO! GRADNA'S TOUR ACROSS THE WORLD WAS MERELY A SMOKE SCREEN TO MAKE YOU THINK THERE WERE MANY OUTSIDE FORCES TRYING TO GET IT AND THUS TO DIVERT SUSPICION FROM HIM AND BENAY!



BUT HOW DID YOU FIND ALL THIS OUT?

THE TIMING WHEREVER WE WENT... THE WAY THE THUGS EVERYWHERE SEEMED TO BE WAITING FOR US PROVED THAT THEY'D BEEN TIPPED OFF BY GRADNA... THAT WE WERE COMING AND WE WERE TO BE KILLED! THEN A GIRL IN BARCELONA, WHO KNEW THE WHOLE PLOT, TOLD ME ALL!



THEN... AT THE END OF THE SEVENTY-TWO HOURS...

FLASH! THE GOVERNMENTS OF SERANIA AND FORMIRA HAVE ANNOUNCED THAT PEACE IS NOW A CERTAINTY!

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED. CHOP CHOP!



# A SURE-FIRE WESTERN



**52**  
Pages

**EVERY  
ISSUE  
A HIT!**

TWO-FISTED TALES OF THE WEST!  
**ARIZONA RAINES**  
**DEAD CANYON DAYS**  
**TWO-GUN LIL**  
**FRONTIER MARSHAL**



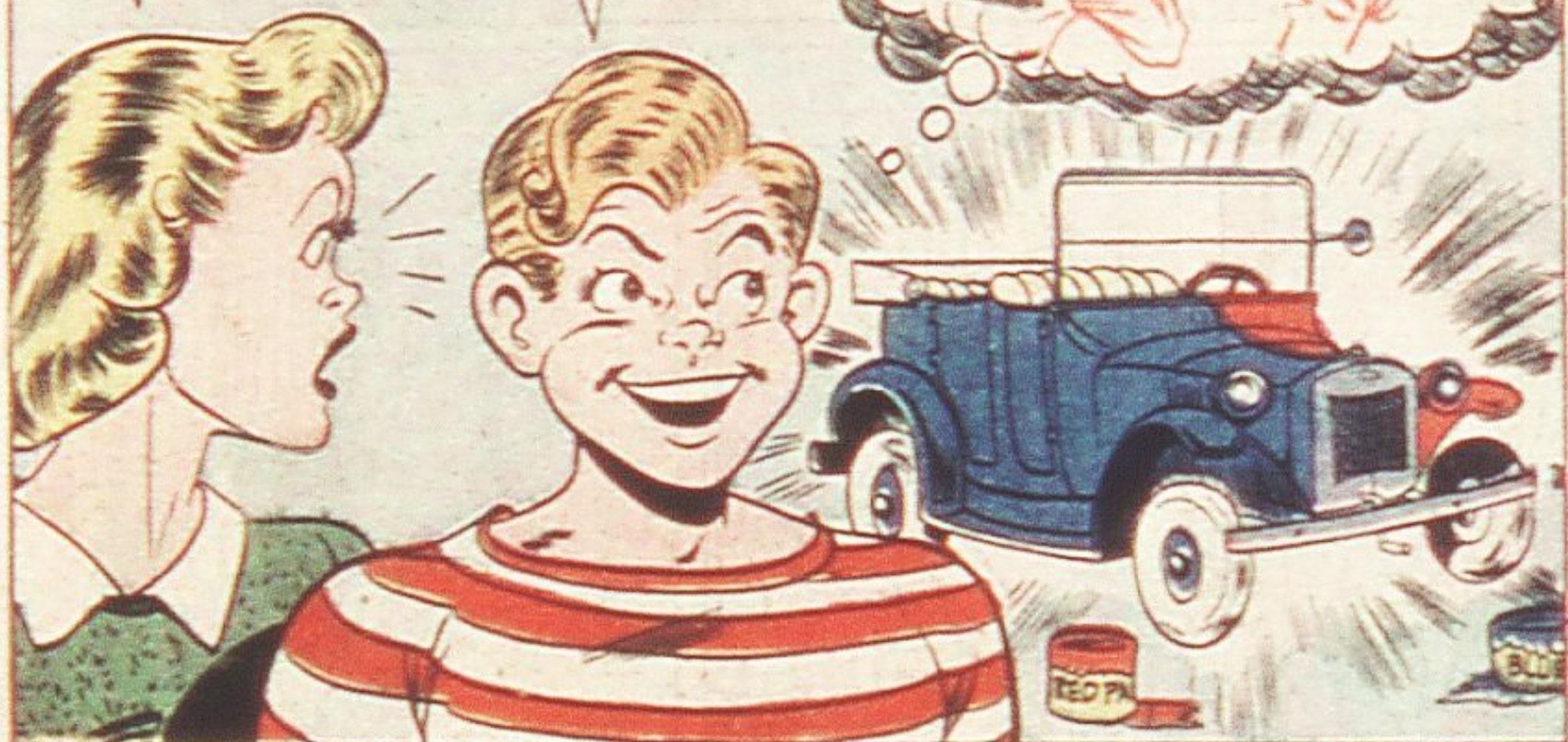
# EZRA

EZRA, HAVE YOU GONE CRAZY? WHY DID YOU PAINT ONE SIDE OF YOUR CAR BLUE AND THE OTHER SIDE RED?

JUST THINK OF THE FUN I'LL HAVE IN COURT IF I EVER HAVE AN ACCIDENT! CAN'T YOU HEAR THE WITNESS ON ONE SIDE OF THE STREET ARGUING WITH THE WITNESS ON THE OTHER?

BUT YOUR HONOR, THE CAR WAS BLUE!

IT WAS RED!



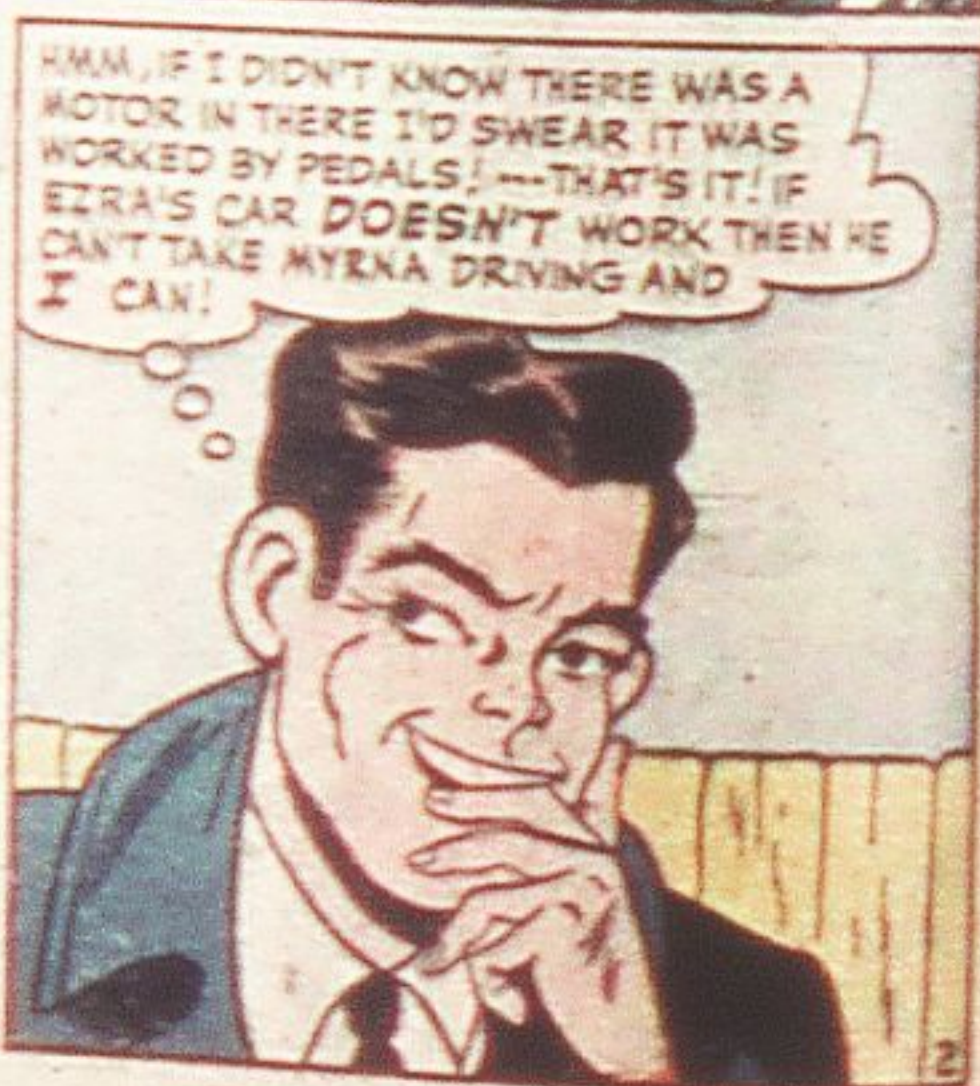
OH-OH! THIS BODES NO GOOD! THERE'S DILSBURY TRYING TO BEAT MY TIME WITH MYRNA! I'D BETTER CUT IN AND GET HER OKAY THIS A.M. BEFORE HE DATES HER FOR THIS P.M.!

AND IF YOU'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING THIS AFTERNOON, MYRNA---

SHE IS! SHE'S GOING DRIVING WITH ME!









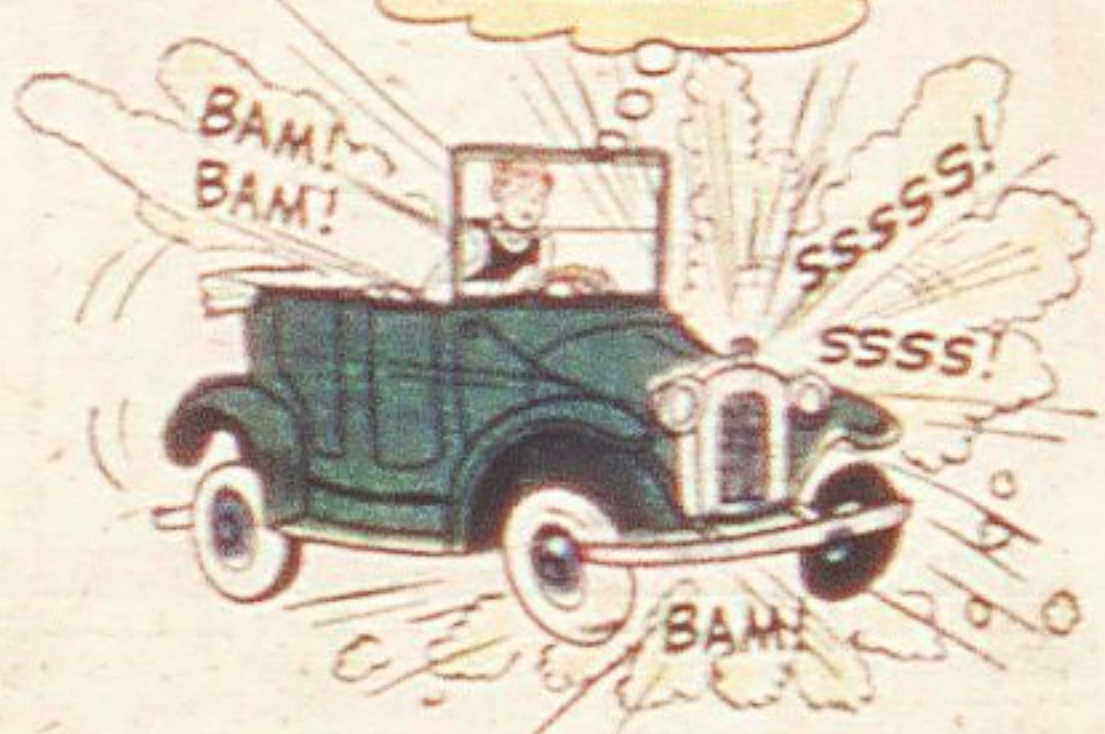
SOON AFTER...

NOW'S THE TIME WHILE EZRA'S BUSY EATING! HEH, HEH! A LITTLE SALT AND SOME SOAP CHIPS IN HIS RADIATOR, AND THINGS WILL REALLY START POPPING!



LATER...

I WONDER WHERE DEAN IS? I'D LIKE TO DRIVE BY WITH MYRNA AND SEE THE LOOK ON HIS... OH, OH! MY RADIATOR'S EXPLODING!

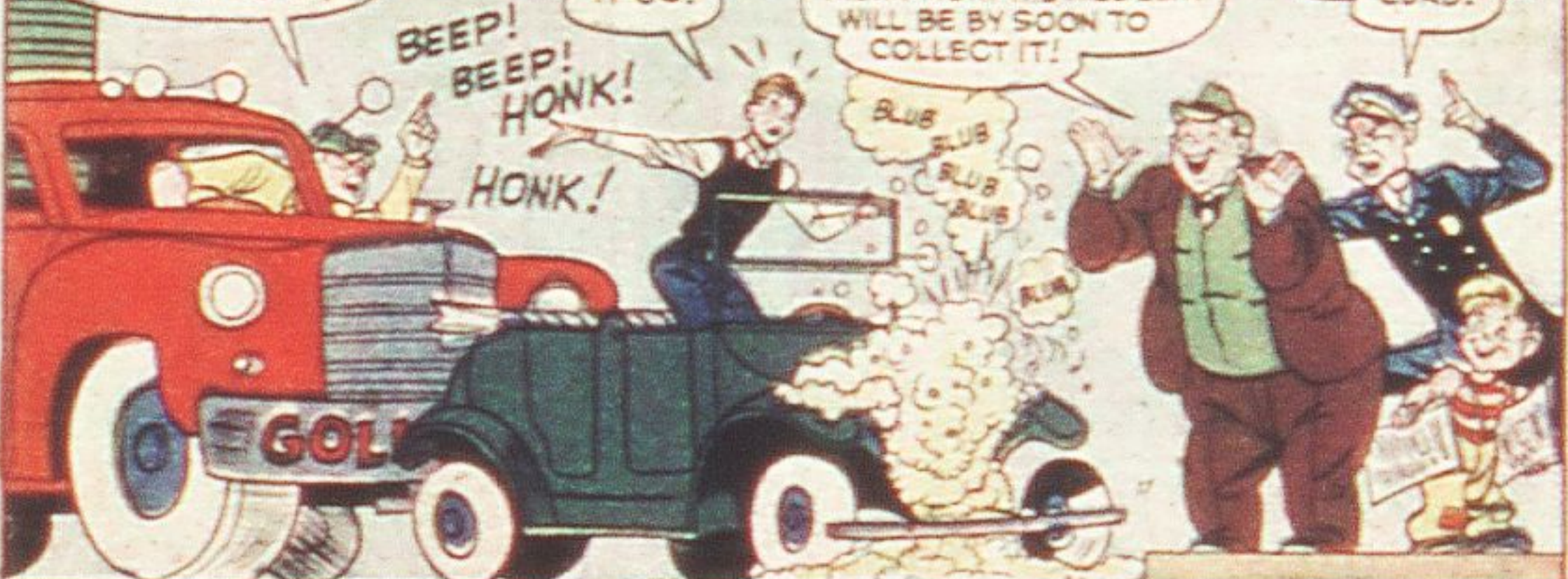


HEY! GET THAT CAR OFF THE ROAD!

I CAN'T MAKE IT GO!

LEAVE IT THERE! THE MEN FROM THE MUSEUM WILL BE BY SOON TO COLLECT IT!

PUSH IT TO THE CURB!



MY ONLY QUESTION IS HOW DID THIS THING RUN LONG ENOUGH TO GET INTO TRAFFIC?

OH, IT WORKED ALL RIGHT, OFFICER... TILL NOW! THERE'S PLENTY OF PEP STILL LEFT IN THIS BUGGY! YOU CAN SEE IT'S **BUBBLING** OVER WITH ENERGY!



WHAT A TIME TO BREAK DOWN! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO TAKE MYRNA DRIVING! LET'S SEE WHAT'S WRONG... HMM, THE CARBURETOR'S FINE! THE BRAKES AND GEARS LOOK OKAY! THERE'S NOTHING **MECHANICALLY** WRONG WITH THE CAR... JUST **FINANCIALLY**! I CAN'T AFFORD A NEW MOTOR!

HEY, DON'T YOU KNOW THERE'S A LAW AGAINST LEAVING **JUNK** IN THE STREET?

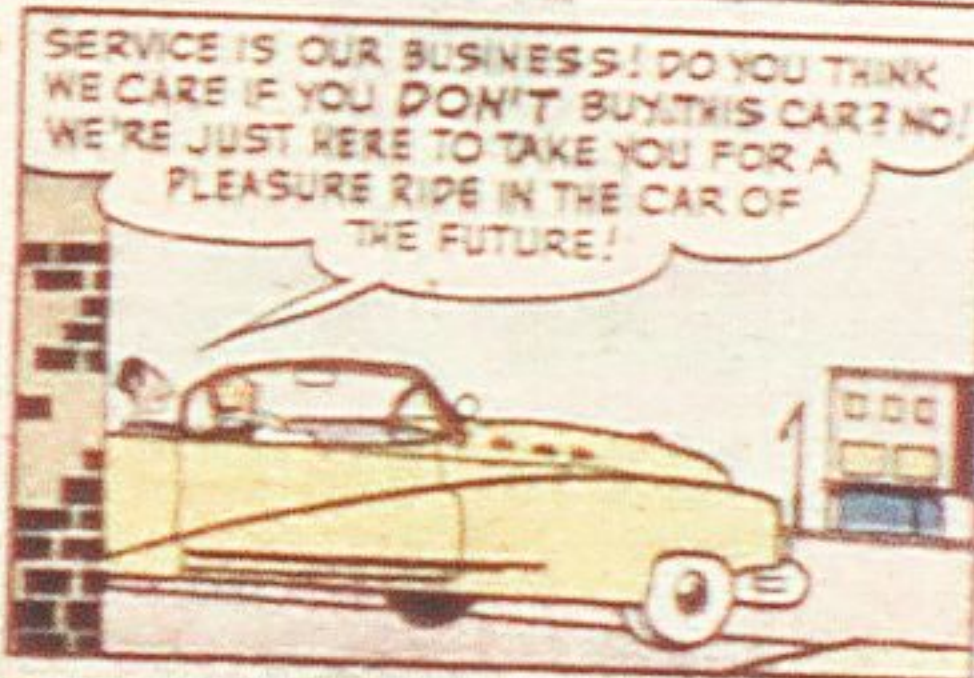
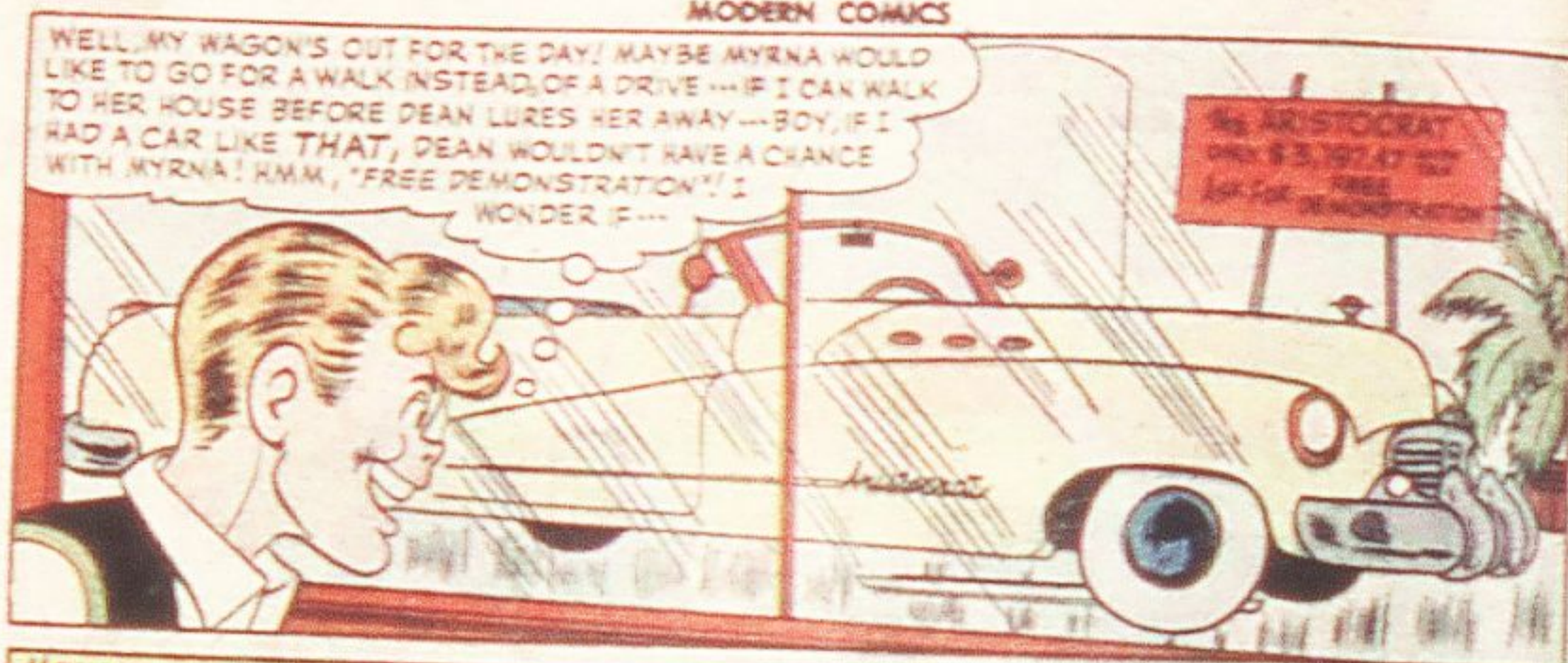


DON'T BOTHER ME! I'VE GOT TO FIX THIS AND TAKE MYRNA FOR A RIDE!

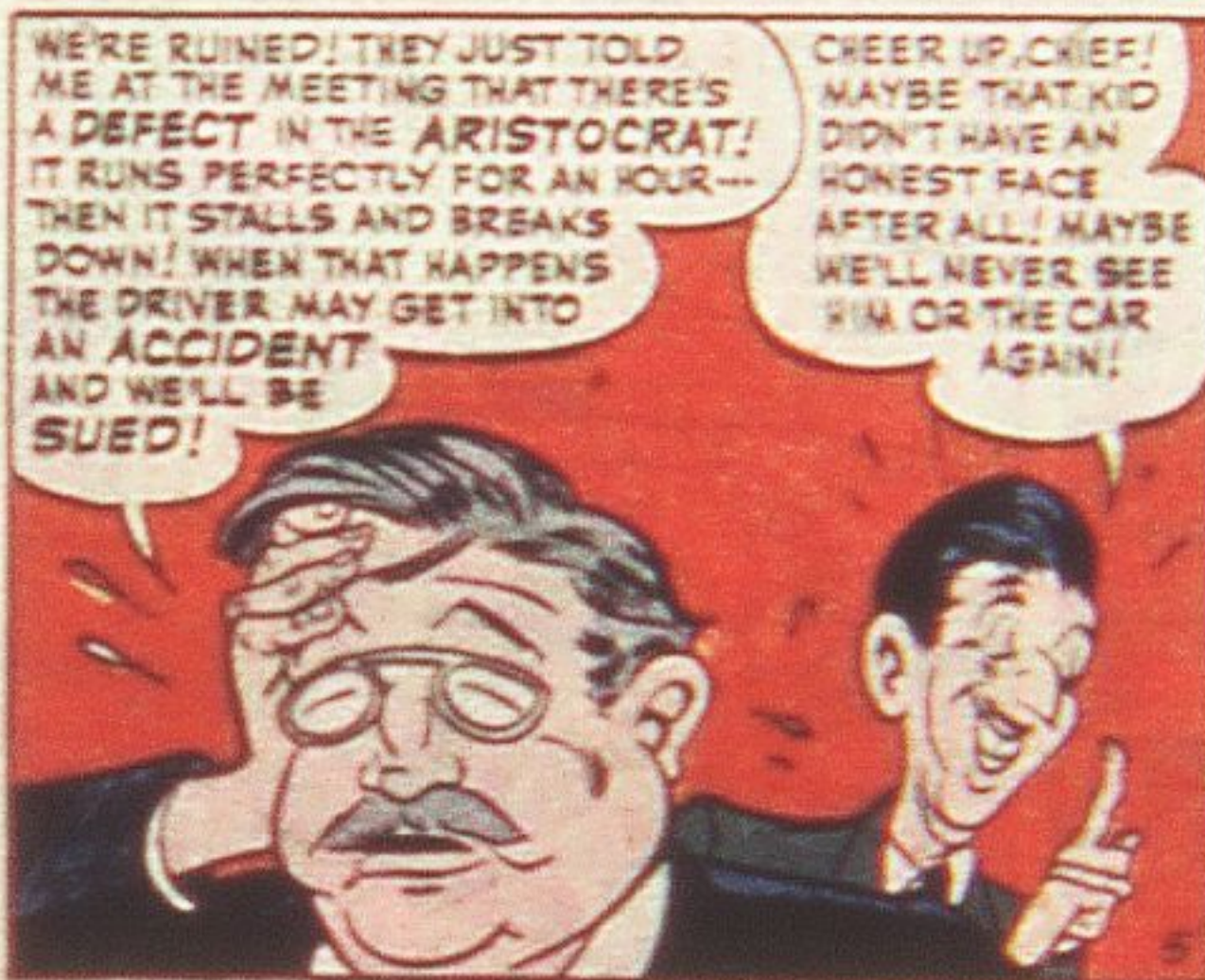
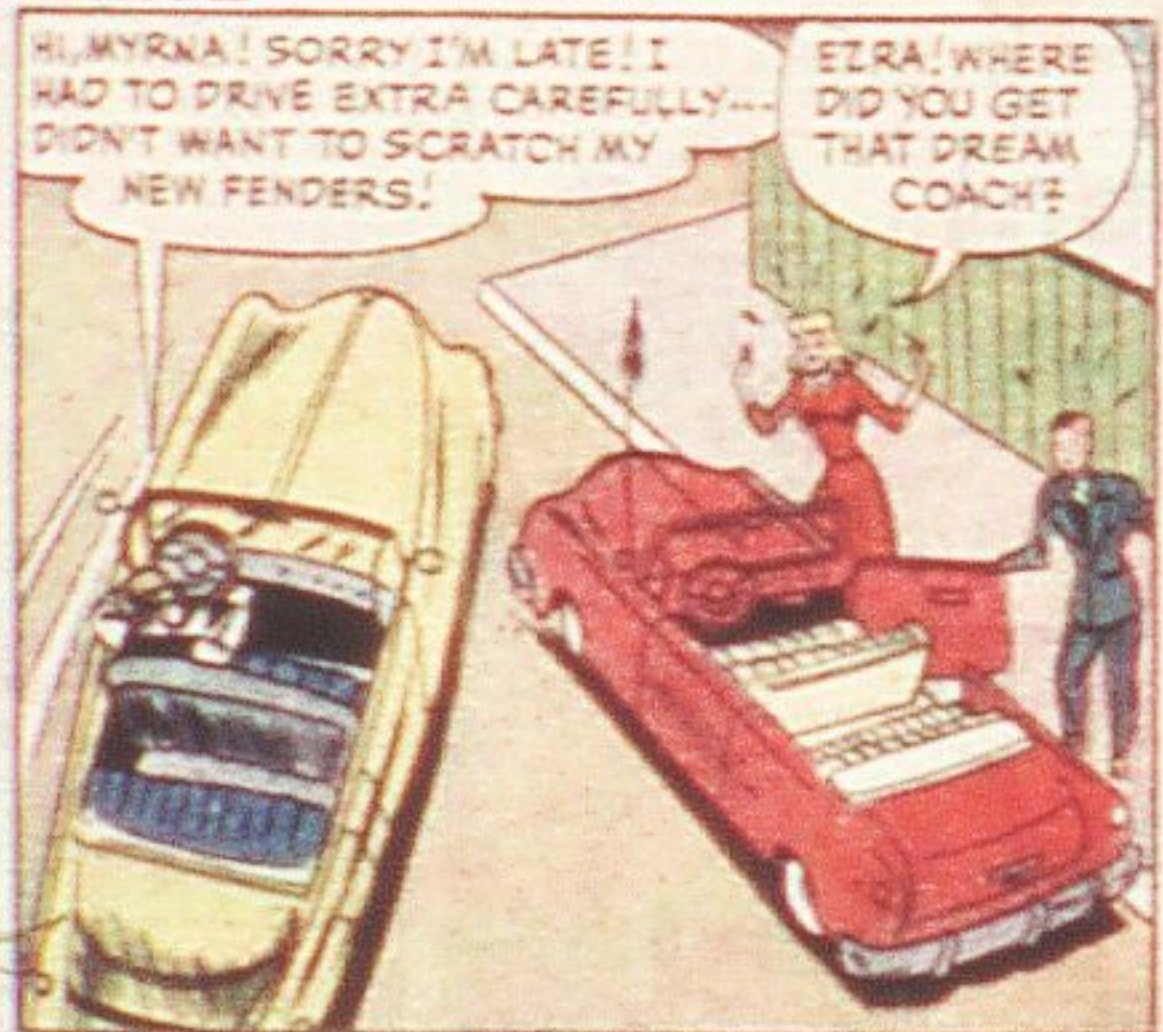
EVEN HENRY FORD COULDN'T HAVE FIXED THAT BUGGY--IT WAS BUILT BEFORE HIS TIME! I THINK I'LL CRUISE OVER AND TELL MYRNA IF SHE REALLY WANTS TO GO FOR A RIDE TODAY, SHE'D BETTER HOP INTO MY CAR!



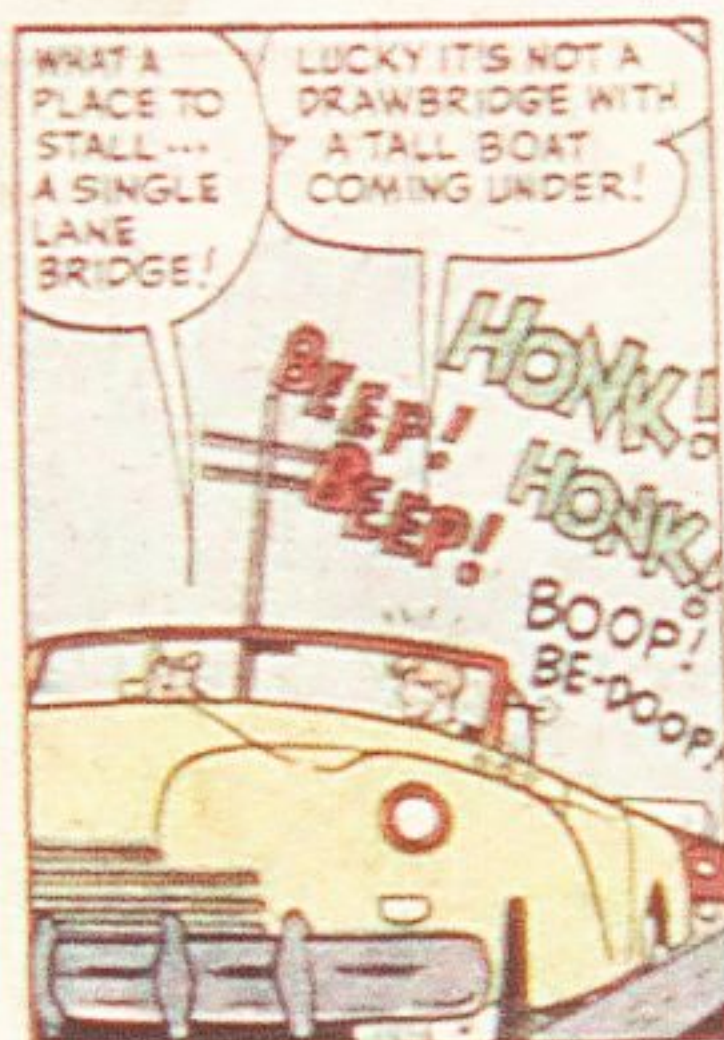




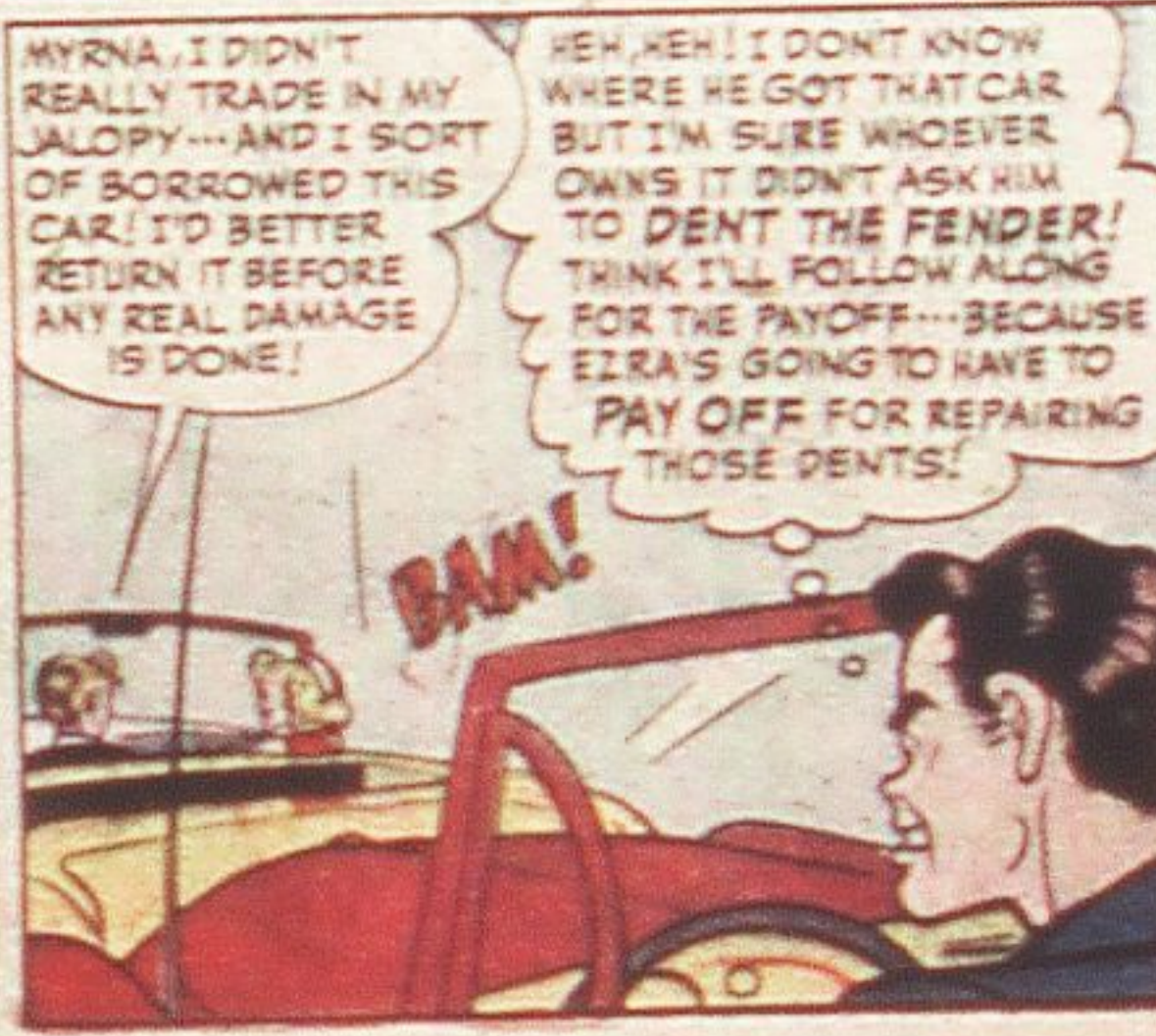
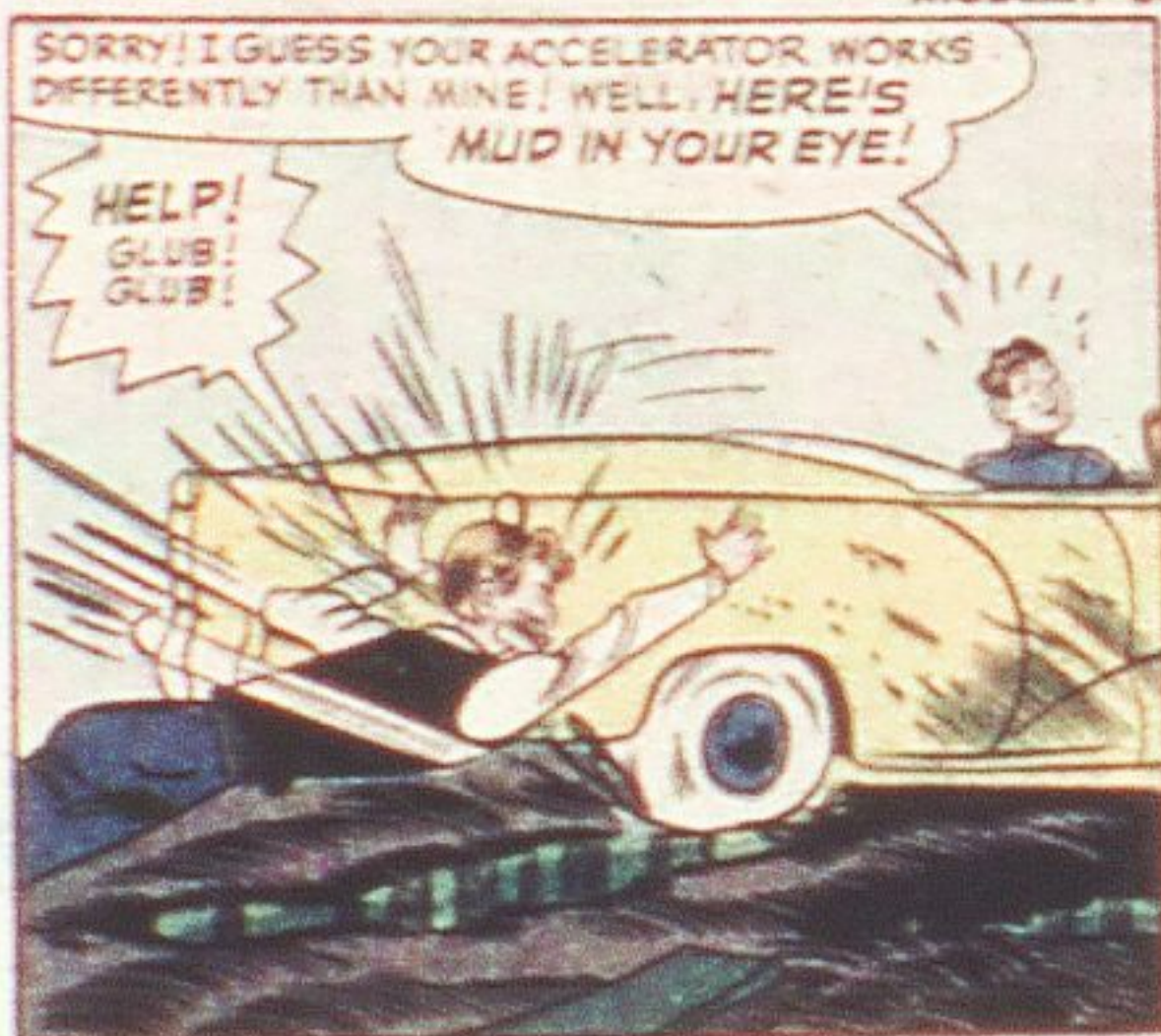




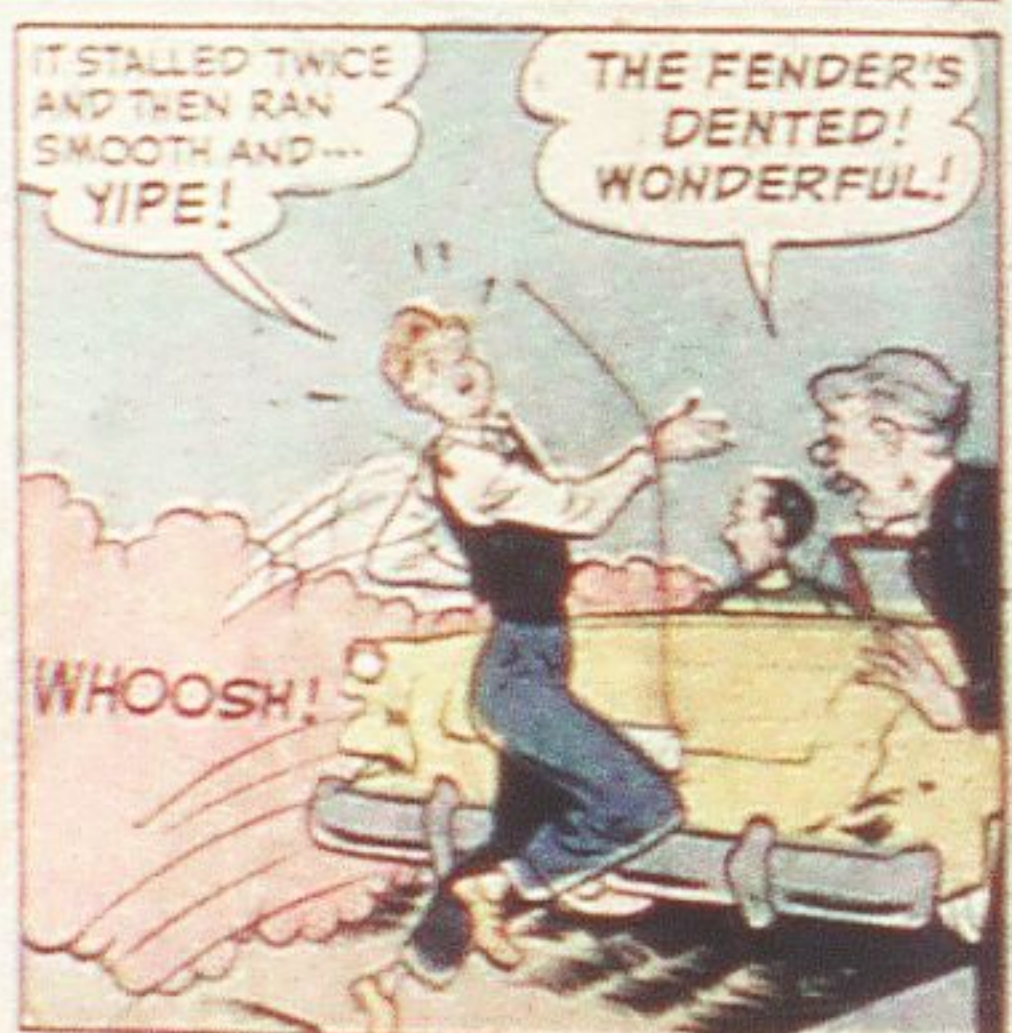
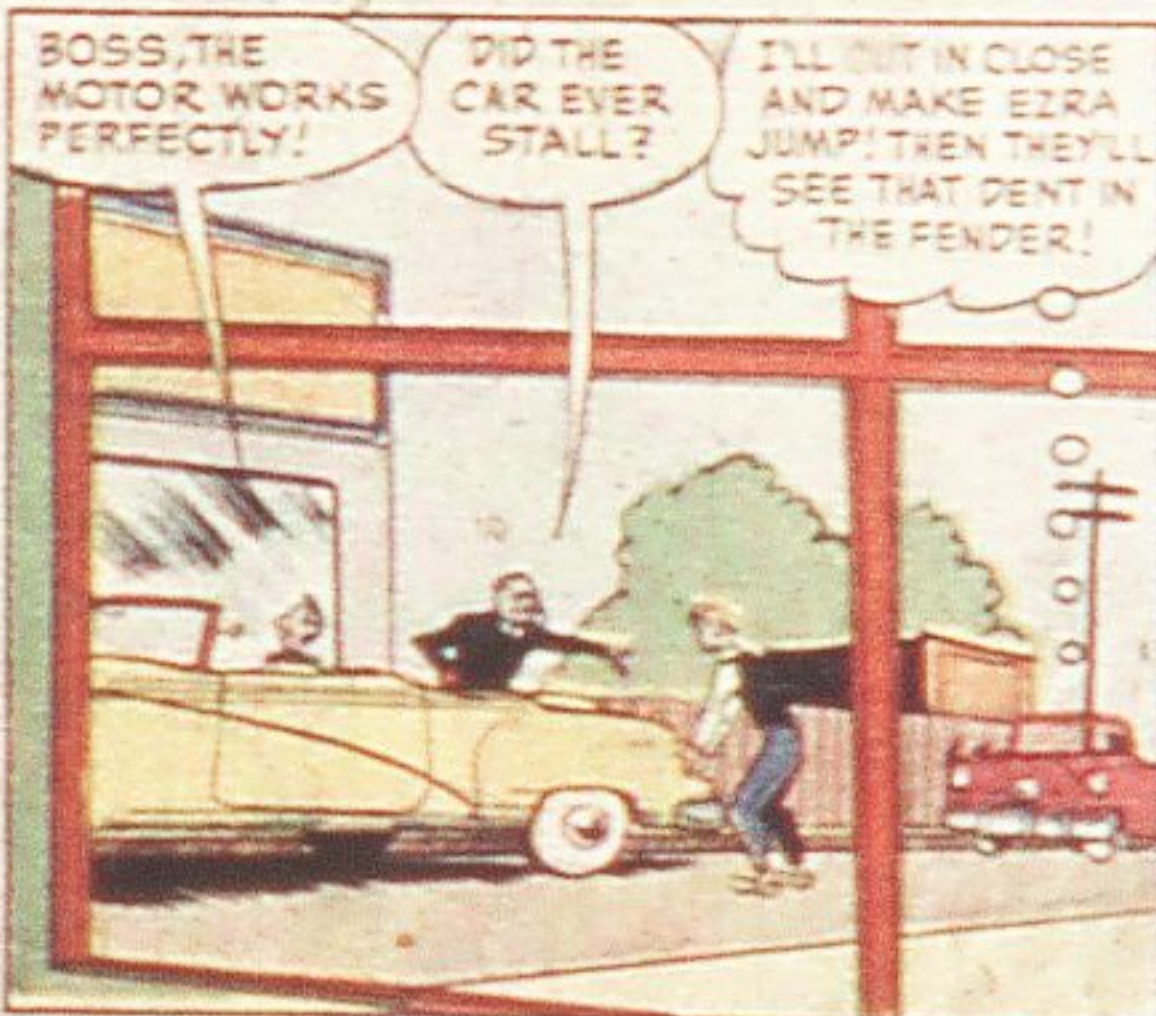
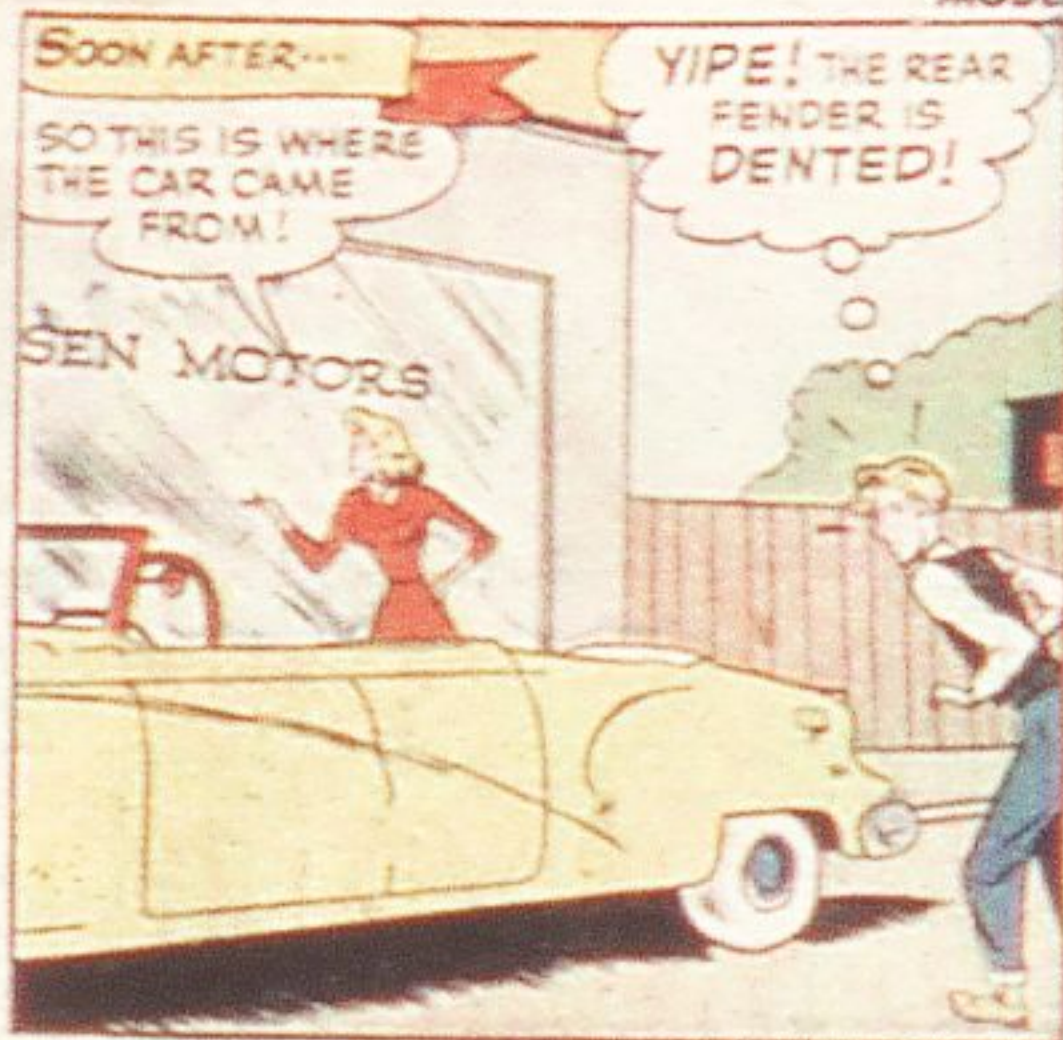






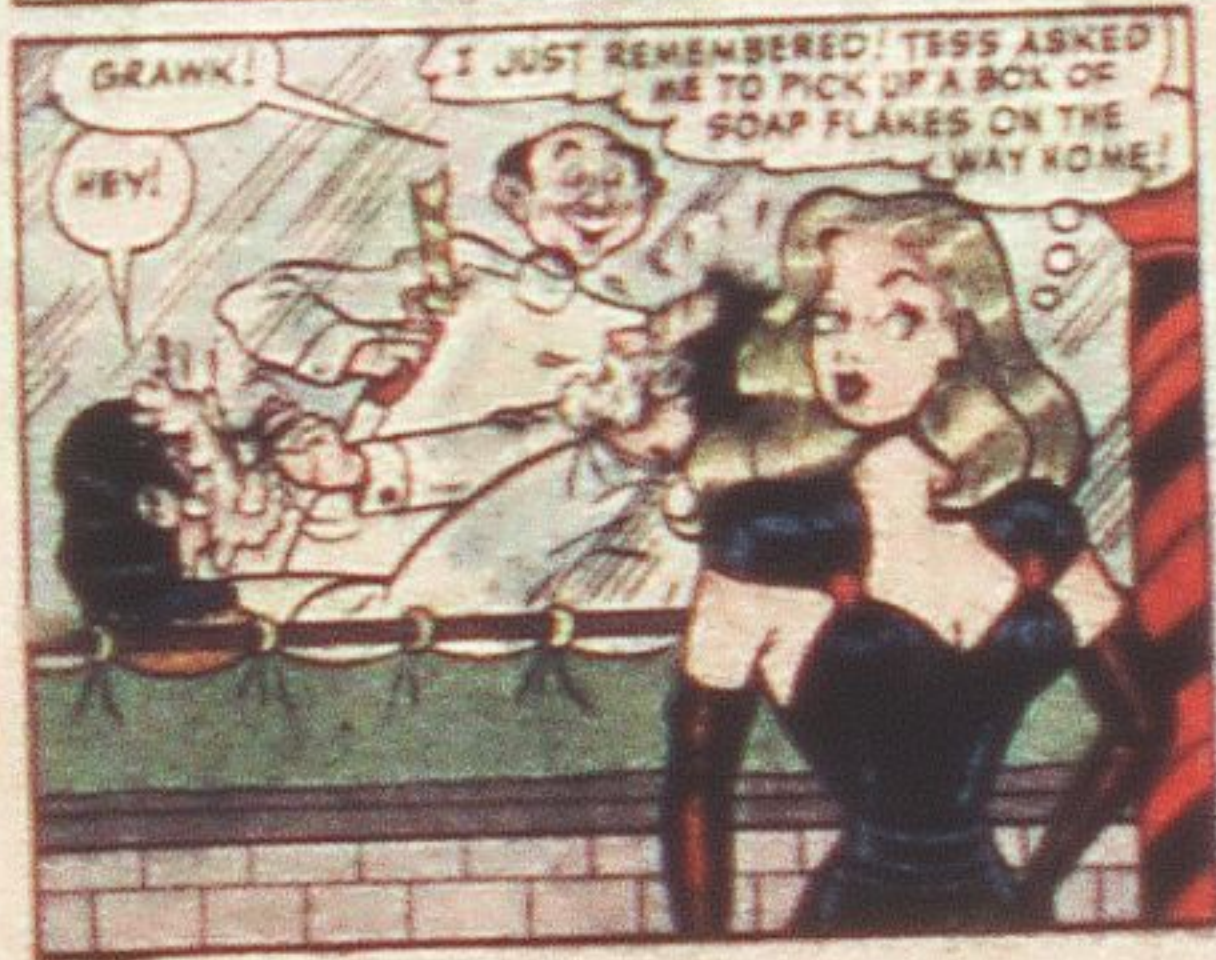
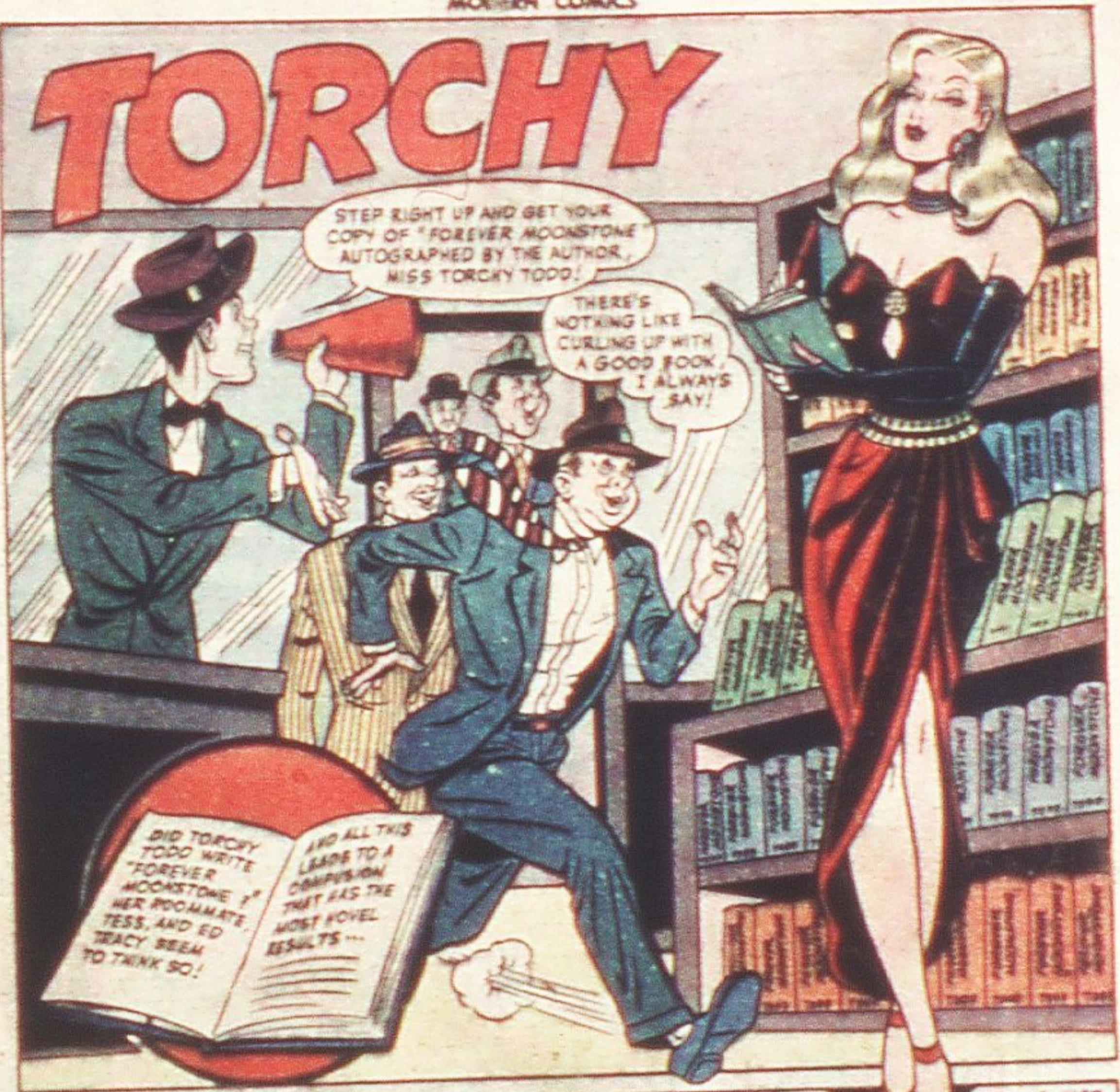








# TORCHY











I WON'T TELL TESS AND ED ABOUT THIS! THEY MIGHT THINK IT'S SILLY! I'LL JUST SEND IN MY ENTRY AND SAY NOTHING ABOUT IT UNLESS I WIN!



HELLO, TESS! I BROUGHT YOUR SOAP!

A WELL-TIMED ENTRANCE, TORCHY! I WAS JUST ABOUT TO WASH ED RIGHT OUT OF MY HAIR!



GEE WHIZ, TESS! YOU CAN'T TALK THAT WAY TO ME, THE UNBEATABLE ED TRACY!

THE ONLY THING UNBEATABLE ABOUT YOU, OLD BOY, IS YOUR INABILITY TO HOLD DOWN A JOB!



THE WORLD IS FULL OF OPPORTUNITIES AND ONE OF THESE DAYS I'LL LOCATE ONE! YOU CAN'T KEEP A COLLEGE MAN DOWN!

ED TRACY, IF YOU EVER WENT TO COLLEGE, WHICH I DOUBT—YOU PROBABLY MAJORED IN UNEMPLOYMENT!



PLEASE, EXCUSE ME! I HAVE SOME VERY IMPORTANT WORK TO DO!



TWO DAYS LATER—

WONDER WHAT TORCHY IS UP TO? SHE STAYS COOPED UP IN HER ROOM, SURROUNDED BY PAPER AND PENCILS!

MAYBE OUR GIRL IS WRITING THE GREAT AMERICAN NOVEL!



TORCHY, HONEY! WON'T YOU TELL US WHAT YOU'RE DOING?

I MUST KEEP THIS LIMERICK CONTEST A SECRET!

OH, I'M JUST WRITING DOWN MY THOUGHTS—TESS!





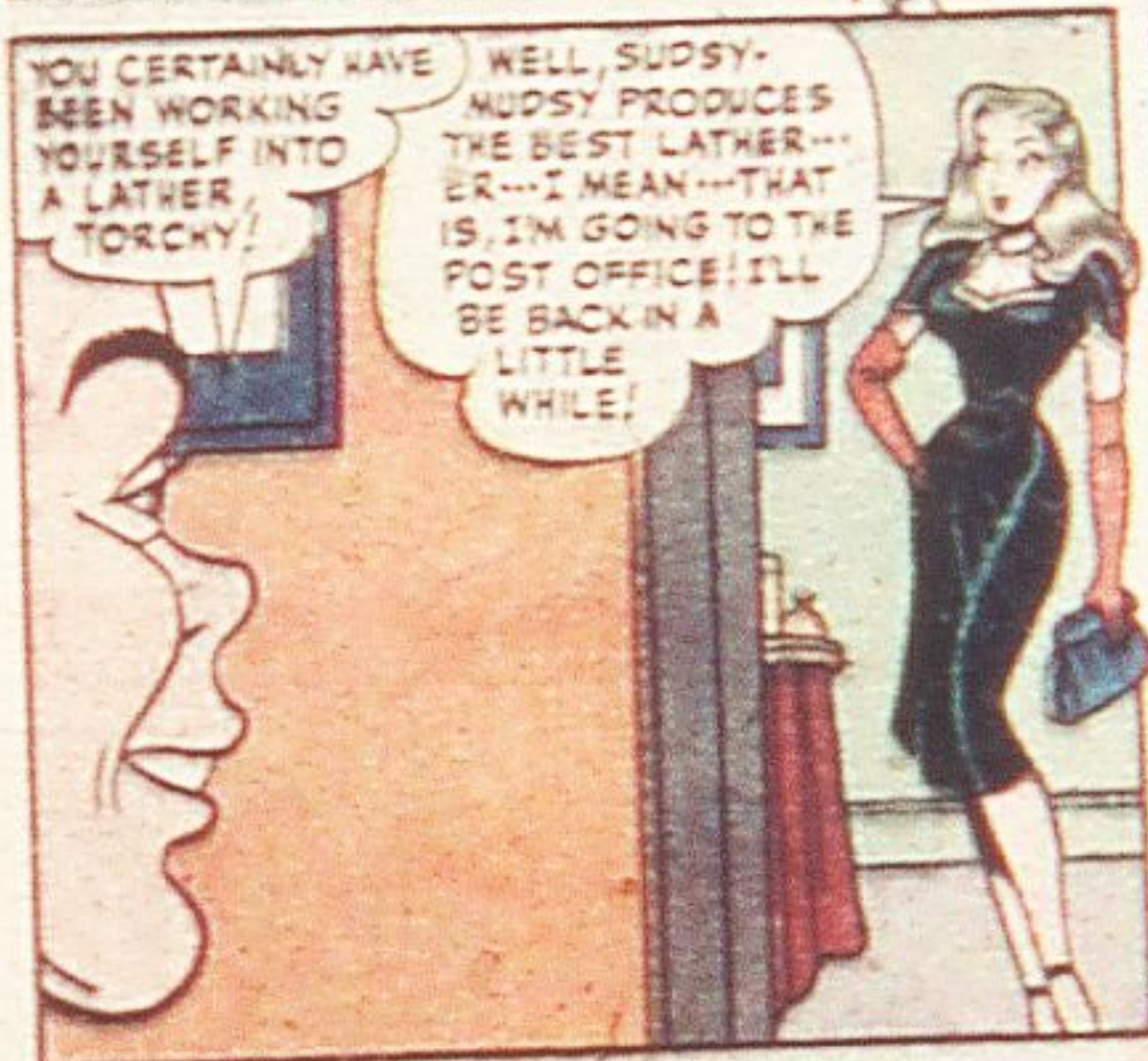
I THINK I'VE GOT IT NOW!



I LIKE SUDSY-MUDSY SOAP!  
SUDSY-MUDSY IS MY HOPE!  
IT'S THE SOAP'S SET MY  
HEART ON,  
ALWAYS BUY IT BY THE  
CARTON!  
I LIKE SUDSY-MUDSY  
SOAP!



I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS  
STACK OF PAPERS SO THAT  
TESS AND ED WON'T KNOW  
WHAT I'VE BEEN DOING!  
AND I'VE GOT TO GET  
MY ENTRY IN---



YOU CERTAINLY HAVE  
BEEN WORKING  
YOURSELF INTO  
A LATHER,  
TORCHY!

WELL, SUDSY-  
MUDSY PRODUCES  
THE BEST LATHER---  
ER---I MEAN---THAT  
IS, I'M GOING TO THE  
POST OFFICE! I'LL  
BE BACK IN A  
LITTLE  
WHILE!



I'M LOOKING FOR  
THEOPOLOUS TODD! DOES  
HE LIVE HERE?

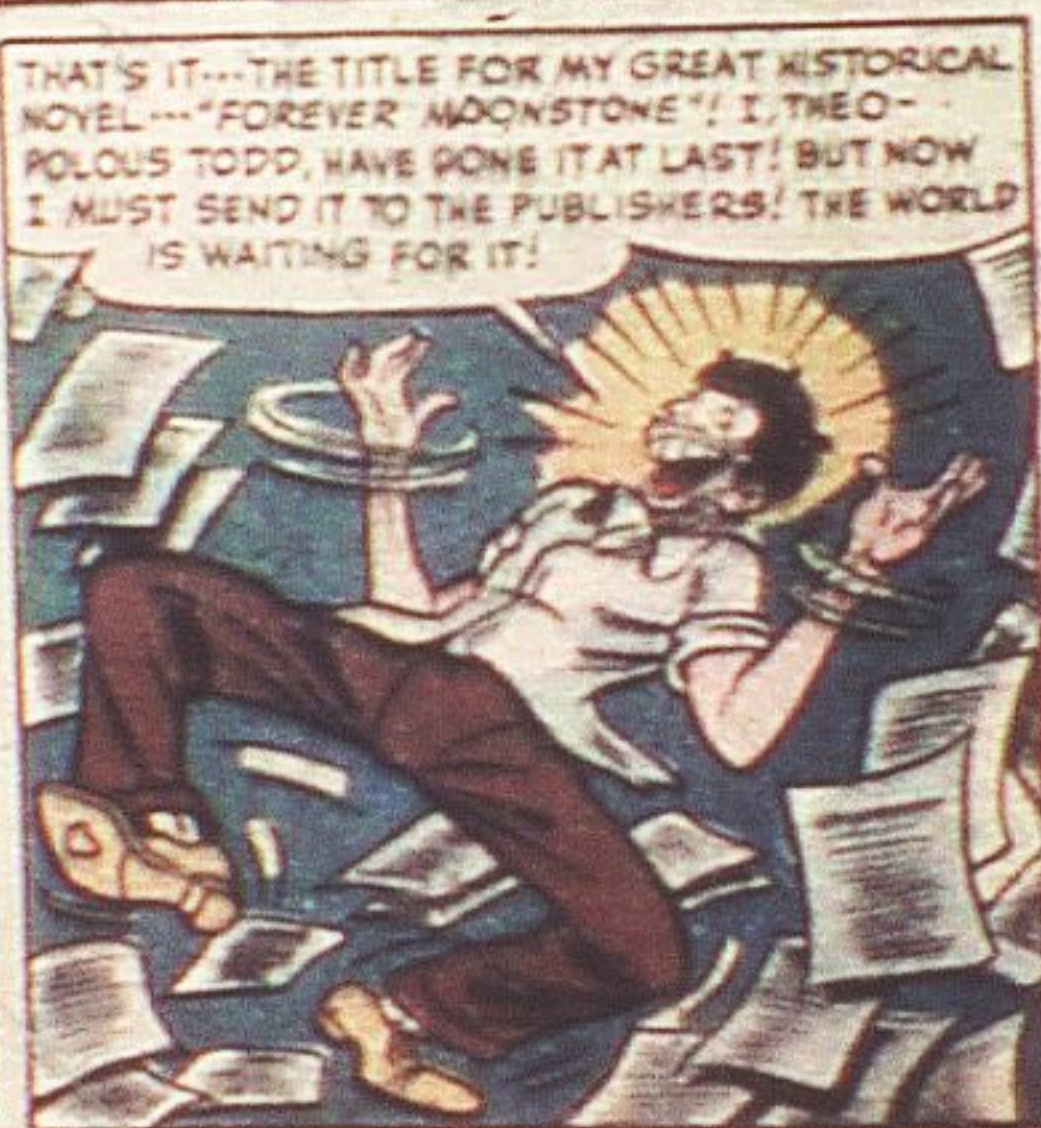
YOU MEAN THAT  
ABSENT-MINDED  
WRITER FELLER? HE'S  
LOCKED UP IN HIS ROOM  
AND HE AIN'T  
SEEN  
NO ONE!

And UPSTAIRS---

...AND SIR HUBERT FIERCELY  
EMBRACED MOONSTONE IN  
HIS BRAVNY ARMS! HIS VOICE,  
MUSKY WITH PASSION,  
WHISPERED, "YOU ARE  
MINE FOREVER,  
MOONSTONE!"



THAT'S IT---THE TITLE FOR MY GREAT HISTORICAL  
NOVEL---"FOREVER MOONSTONE"! I, THEO-  
POLOUS TODD, HAVE DONE IT AT LAST! BUT NOW  
I MUST SEND IT TO THE PUBLISHERS! THE WORLD  
IS WAITING FOR IT!



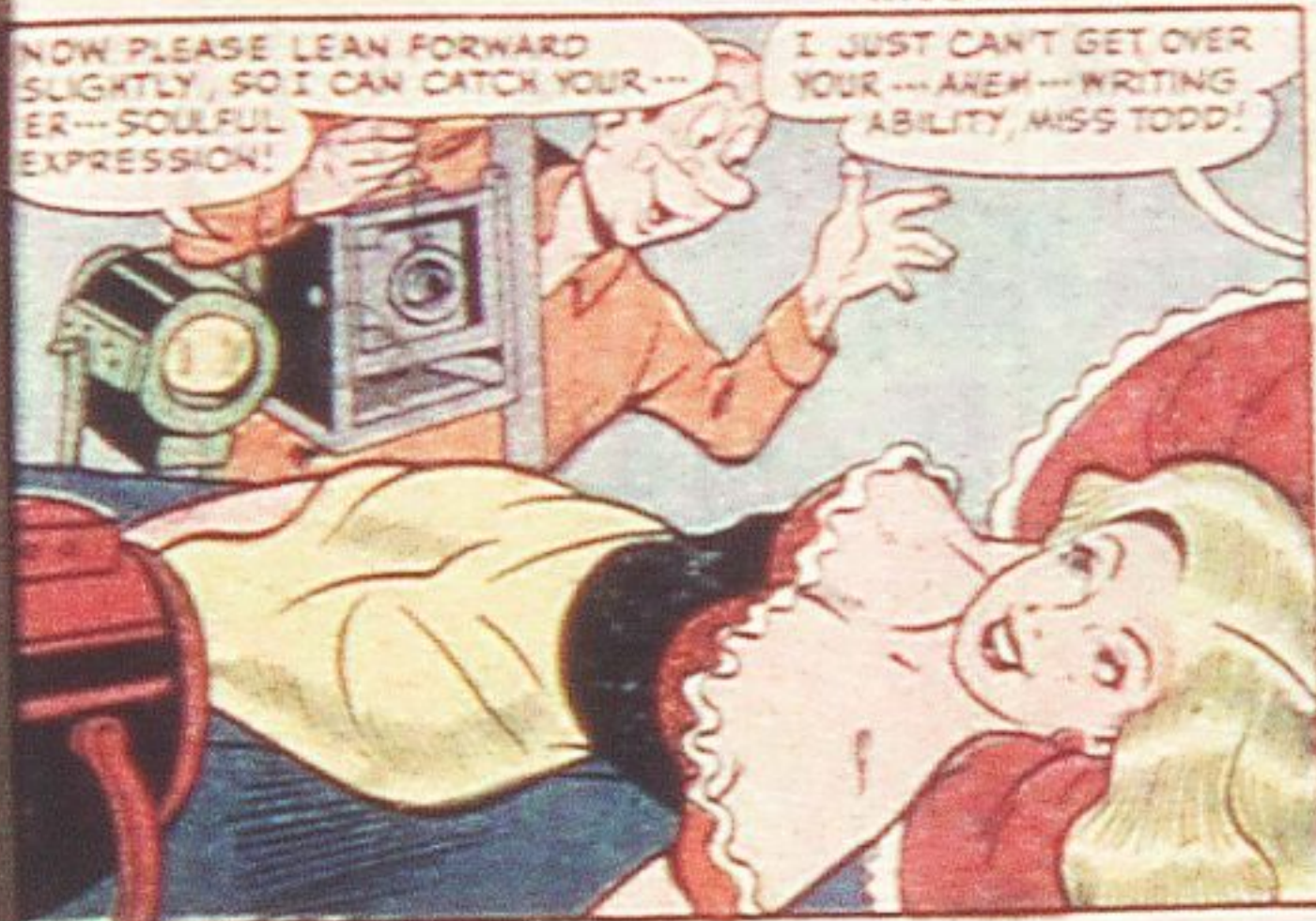
















WHEW! WHAT A DAY!  
I WON'T TELL TESS  
AND ED ABOUT THIS  
UNTIL I HAVE THE  
MONEY IN MY  
HAND! THEN I'LL  
REALLY SURPRISE  
THEM!



TORCHY, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN  
AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN  
DOING? YOU LOOK LIKE YOU'VE  
BEEN PUT  
THROUGH A  
WRINGER!

DON'T MENTION  
ANYTHING TO DO  
WITH WASHING!  
TESS! THE SUBJECT  
EXHAUSTS ME!



TWO WEEKS LATER---

OH, MY  
GOODNESS!  
THERE'S  
BEEN  
SOME  
MISTAKE!

AM I SEEING  
DOUBLE? THAT  
LOOKS ENOUGH  
LIKE TO TORCHY TO--

DON'T LOOK  
NOW, BUT  
THAT IS  
TORCHY!



DON'T TELL ME YOU  
WROTE THAT NOVEL  
IN THE TWO DAYS YOU  
WERE COOPED UP  
IN YOUR ROOM?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY,  
TESS! I WAS WRITING  
A LIMERICK FOR THE  
SUDSY-MUDSY  
CONTEST!



THE PUBLISHERS OF THAT BOOK ARE MUTTON AND  
MUTTON! WE'D BETTER GET OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY  
AND CLEAR THIS UP---BEFORE THE REAL AUTHOR OF  
THAT BOOK SLAPS A SUIT ON YOU!



MOONSTONE IS MINE! I  
CREATED HER BLONDE  
BEAUTY OUT OF BLOOD,  
SWEAT AND TEARS! AND  
HERE IS A CARBON COPY  
OF THE MANUSCRIPT TO  
PROVE IT! OFFICER,  
ARREST  
THIS  
MAN!

BUT---BUT YOU CAN'T  
DO THIS TO ME!  
MUTTON AND  
MUTTON WILL  
BE IN A  
STEW!



YOU---YOU'RE  
RESPONSIBLE  
FOR ALL THIS!

HELLO, MR. MUTTON---I CAME TO  
EXPLAIN---

IT CAN'T BE---  
BUT YOU'RE  
MOONSTONE!







# AIRBORNE ADVENTURE

WHEN Blackhawk and his blue-clad companions stepped from the plane that had just landed at the airport in Mexico City, a young man in Mexican army uniform stepped stiffly up to them. He wore the insignia of lieutenant and behind him stood a squad of riflemen with guns poised.

"You are the Blackhawks, senors?" he asked crisply.

"Yes, Lieutenant," Blackhawk himself answered the query, "and this is my crew." He pointed to Andre, Chuck, Stanislaus, Olaf, Hendrickson and Chop Chop.

"Then you are under Military arrest!" snapped the lieutenant. He turned to the corporal in charge of the squad. "Put these men in irons, Corporal," he commanded, "and load them into the prison van."

Consternation showed on the faces of the new arrivals. As one of the riflemen stepped up to Blackhawk and snapped a pair of steel handcuffs onto his wrists, the leader of the famous band of adventurers lifted his head and stared into the unwavering eyes of the officer. "By whose orders are we being arrested?" Blackhawk asked tersely.

The lieutenant ignored the question and snapped another command at his corporal.

The prisoners were lined up and marched to a truck, parked at the edge of the field. They were seated in the rear, with the lieutenant and two enlisted men acting as guards. Then the truck was off.

As the truck approached the airport gate that led to the highway outside, the lieutenant looked at Blackhawk and said abruptly. "There's a man loafing by the gate. As we go through it, take a good look at him. Ask no questions, please. I have orders, Senor, not to talk."

Blackhawk did look, and saw a small man with beady eyes and a two-day growth of beard. Blackhawk then turned his eyes back to the lieutenant, but seeing that the man had his face averted, he shrugged and settled back on the seat.

In a little while the truck pulled into a narrow alley and stopped. The prisoners were marched into a nondescript house and left in a dim room. A man dressed in the colonel's uniform of the U. S. Army sat behind a desk in the room. He was smiling.

It took a moment for Blackhawk to recognize the colonel. Then he took a quick step forward

and exclaimed in surprise. "Colonel Pitt!" A great light began to break over the whole mysterious matter. "So you're the one behind this business. I might have known it!"

The colonel chuckled and shot a glance out from under bushy eyebrows at the lieutenant who had followed Blackhawk and his crew into the room. "Take the handcuffs off these men, Lieutenant Garcia," he ordered. "We can all relax now."

While the cuffs were being removed, the colonel explained. "You remember the man Lieutenant Garcia told you to observe, Blackhawk?"

Blackhawk nodded.

"Your arrest and subsequent treatment was for his benefit," said the colonel. "The man's name," continued Colonel Pitt, "is Gregory Garf. He is employed by a character named Stanton Harker, who is suspected of having cooperated with a world-wide espionage syndicate and of amassing a considerable fortune thereby. Harker is under investigation by the joint staffs of the Mexican and American intelligence units. But so far, we've been unable to uncover the slightest evidence that he was working with the spies."

The colonel paused a moment and then went on quietly. "That's where you come in," he said. "Harker's getting nervous. He's afraid of the investigation and wants to leave the country with his cash and, we suspect, certain very important papers. That's why Gregory Garf has been haunting the airport. He's been trying to find someone that would fly his boss out of the country. Catch?"

"Yes," replied Blackhawk. "You want us to let Garf proposition us to fly his boss out. You figure that will flush Harker's cash and papers out into the open. Your agents will then meet us at our destination, confiscate the loot and the papers, and arrest Harker."

"Right!" said the colonel. "We're sure those papers of his are the evidence we need to convict Harker of collaboration with the espionage syndicate. We'll release a statement to the press that you boys are suspected of being smugglers, but have been released for lack of evidence. I'm positive Harker will bite."

"Well, Colonel Pitt," said Blackhawk, smiling at the eager faces of his crew, "you know what our answer is. We'll cooperate."

It was two o'clock in the morning. Floodlights made the landing strip of the Mexico City air-



port look like a stream of glowing, molten metal. Blackhawk fed the roaring motors more gas. The tail lifted, then the rolling wheels, and they were off the ground and away on the long flight to Madrid.

Blackhawk set the controls and glanced back over his shoulder at the crew and the passenger they had taken aboard a few minutes before leaving the airport. "Is everything satisfactory?" he asked, trying to keep the distaste he felt for the man out of his voice.

"Yes," replied Stanton Harker, easing his fat, bulky body back in his seat by the window, and taking a firmer hold on the bulging briefcase that lay on his lap. "Yes, indeed," he repeated. Suddenly he pulled a heavy automatic pistol out of his jacket pocket, levelled it at Blackhawk and the crew. "Very satisfactory," he sneered.

Olaf started to rise from his seat, his blue eyes glinting dangerously. "I ban tear you in two," he said gutturally.

"Sit down," grunted Harker. "Sit down, or I will blow off your thick head."

As Olaf sat down, warned by a look from Blackhawk, the fat man turned his head toward the tail of the plane. "Gregory!" he called. "Come out and give me a hand with these fools."

The door of the cargo compartment opened and Gregory Garf came out, a grin on his lips and an ugly looking sub-machine gun in his hands. He swung the gun around to cover the Blackhawk and said derisively, "Surprised, huh?"

"Could be," replied Blackhawk, "but what's this all about? When you contacted us back in Mexico City last night, we made a deal to fly Harker to Madrid. Nobody said anything about keeping us under guard."

Harker's voice broke in. "That is quite true," he said, "and were you truly smugglers as you claimed, this wouldn't have happened. But," he shrugged his shoulders in an attitude of resignation, "you are not!" No, you are the Blackhawks. And you are working for the U. S. Military Intelligence with the sole purpose of trapping me. But," Harker shrugged his heavy shoulders again, "I have trapped you instead."

"So?" jeered Chuck from his seat next to Stanislaus. "What do we do now . . . dance?"

"No," snapped the fat man. "You will fly us to the island of Manatu. You will land at a certain inlet which I shall point out. The spot is remote and very, very private. We will destroy you there and take the plane. Gregory will fly it to a small airport not far from Madrid. We will then dispose of the plane. Neither you nor the plane will ever be found. Presently the authorities will assume that it was lost at sea."

"I see," replied Blackhawk thoughtfully. "Knowing you also were aboard, the authorities will think that you, too, were lost. A very clever plan, my fat traitor, but . . ." and here Blackhawk shot a quick glance at little Chop Chop, who, while attention was diverted away from him, had climbed into the baggage rack overhead . . . "I don't think it will work."

"You fool," boasted Harker hoarsely. "I—"

He broke off in mid-sentence as Chop Chop landed on his fat shoulders from the rack overhead. He clawed frantically at the little Chinese.

At the same moment, Olaf hurled a coiled safety belt at Gregory Garf. It slapped the little gunman across the mouth and threw him off guard for a moment. Before he could recover, Stanislaus had rushed him and knocked the sub-machine gun from his hands. Garf took one look at the towering Stanislaus and slipped to the floor in a dead faint.

Meanwhile, Chop Chop and Chuck had disarmed the fat man, while Andre danced around the edges of the fray, excitedly egging his companions on.

A few minutes later, Harker and Gregory Garf were lying in the aisle of the plane, trussed hand and foot. Andre and Hendrickson meanwhile examined the contents of the briefcase.

Inside it was nearly a half-million U. S. dollars and a small packet of important looking papers.

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed Andre as he pawed his way through them. "These papers are records of the cash transaction between Harker and the espionage ring. This is good, eh?"

"Good enough," replied Blackhawk as he swung the nose of the plane back to Mexico City and Colonel Pitt, "good enough to send Stanton Harker to prison for the rest of his unnatural life."



# JONESY

WELL, AFTER HIS LONG VACATION, MARVIN CERTAINLY SEEMS TO BE BEARING DOWN IN HIS STUDIES!



IT'S GREAT TO SEE A BOY DIVE SO WHOLE-HEARTEDLY INTO HIS LESSONS IMMEDIATELY ON GETTING BACK!



I MUST SHOW AN INTEREST AND GIVE HIM A BIT OF ENCOURAGEMENT!



PRETTY TOUGH PROBLEM THERE, SON?

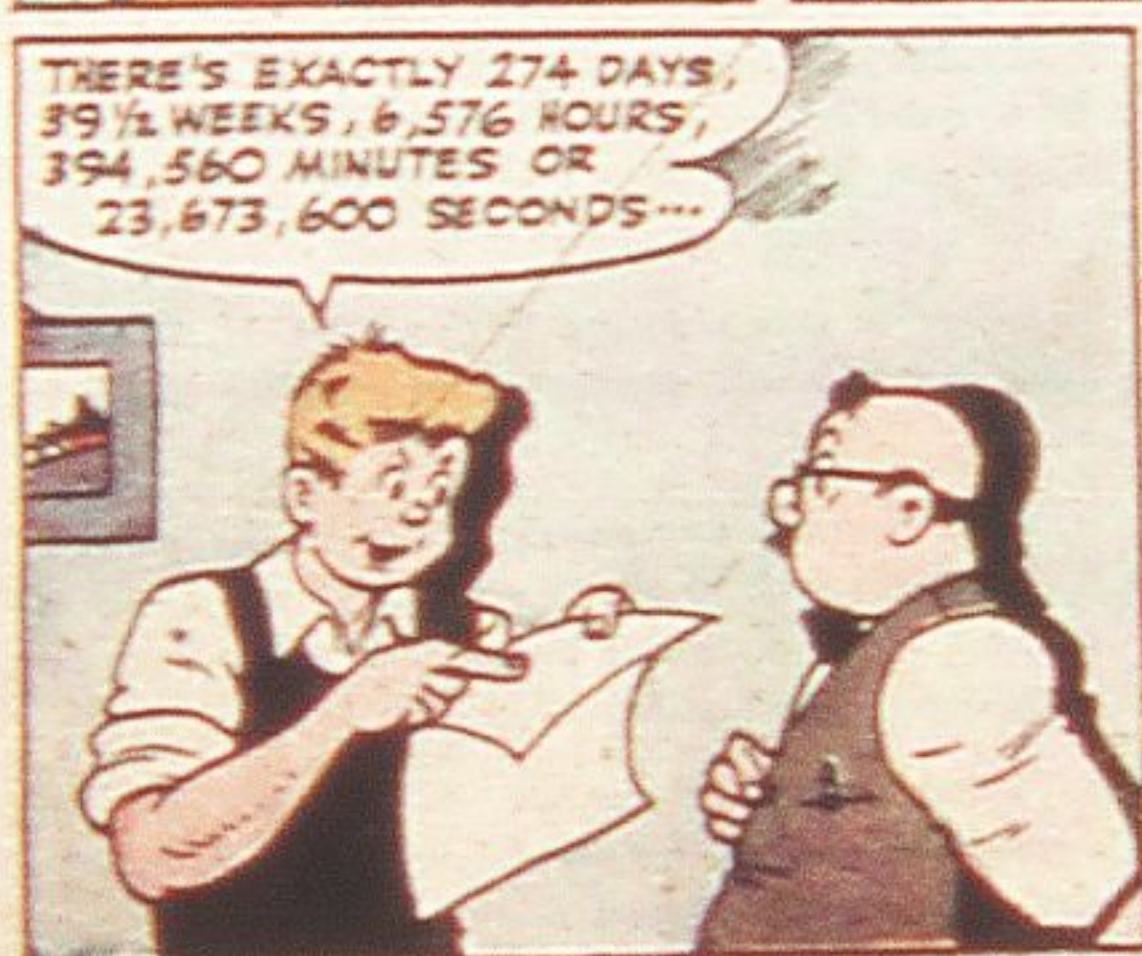
OH, NOT TOO TOUGH, DAD...



IF ONE STICKS AT IT... AH! I FINALLY GOT IT!



THERE'S EXACTLY 274 DAYS, 39 1/2 WEEKS, 6,576 HOURS, 394,560 MINUTES OR 23,673,600 SECONDS...

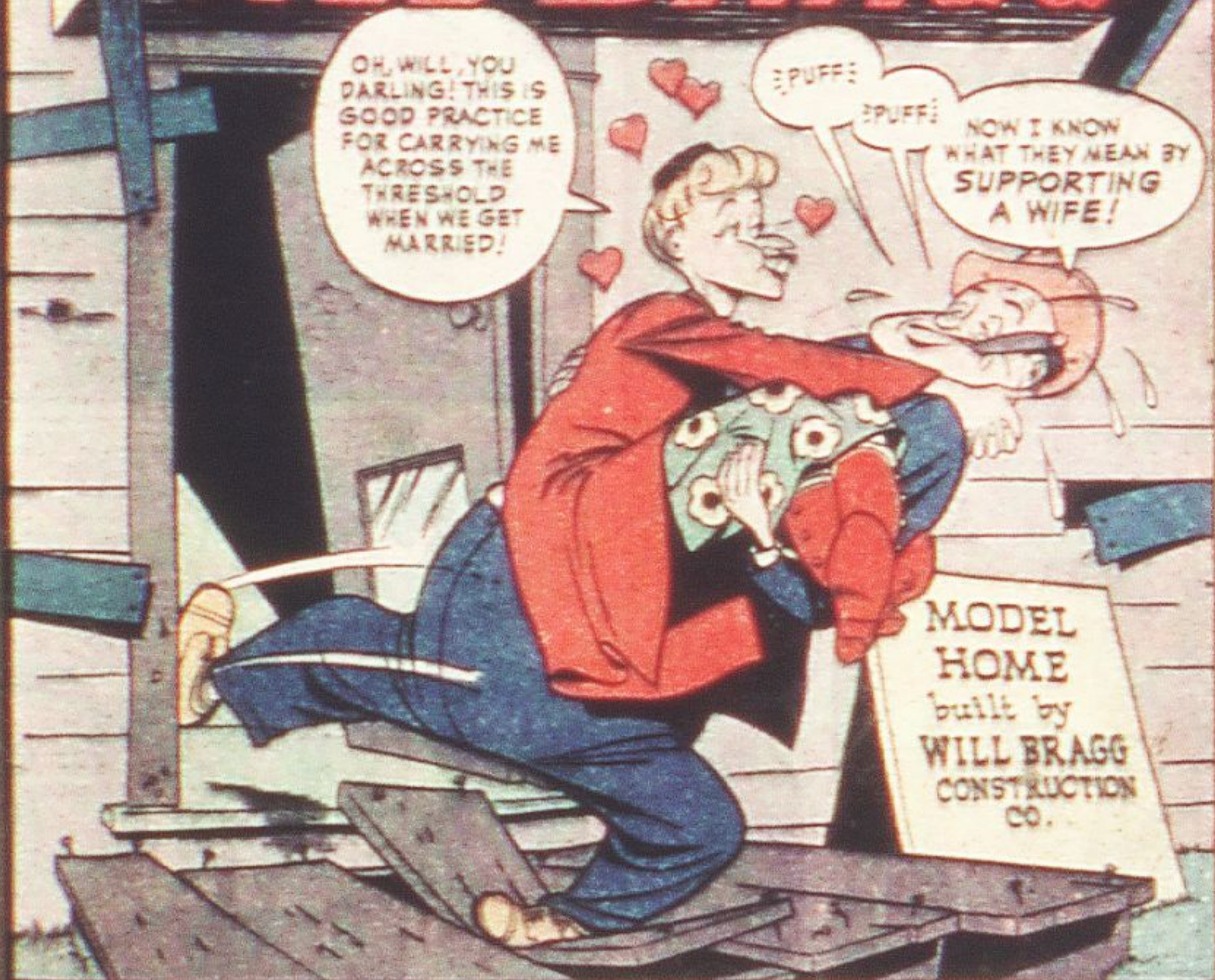


UNTIL VACATION BEGINS NEXT YEAR!

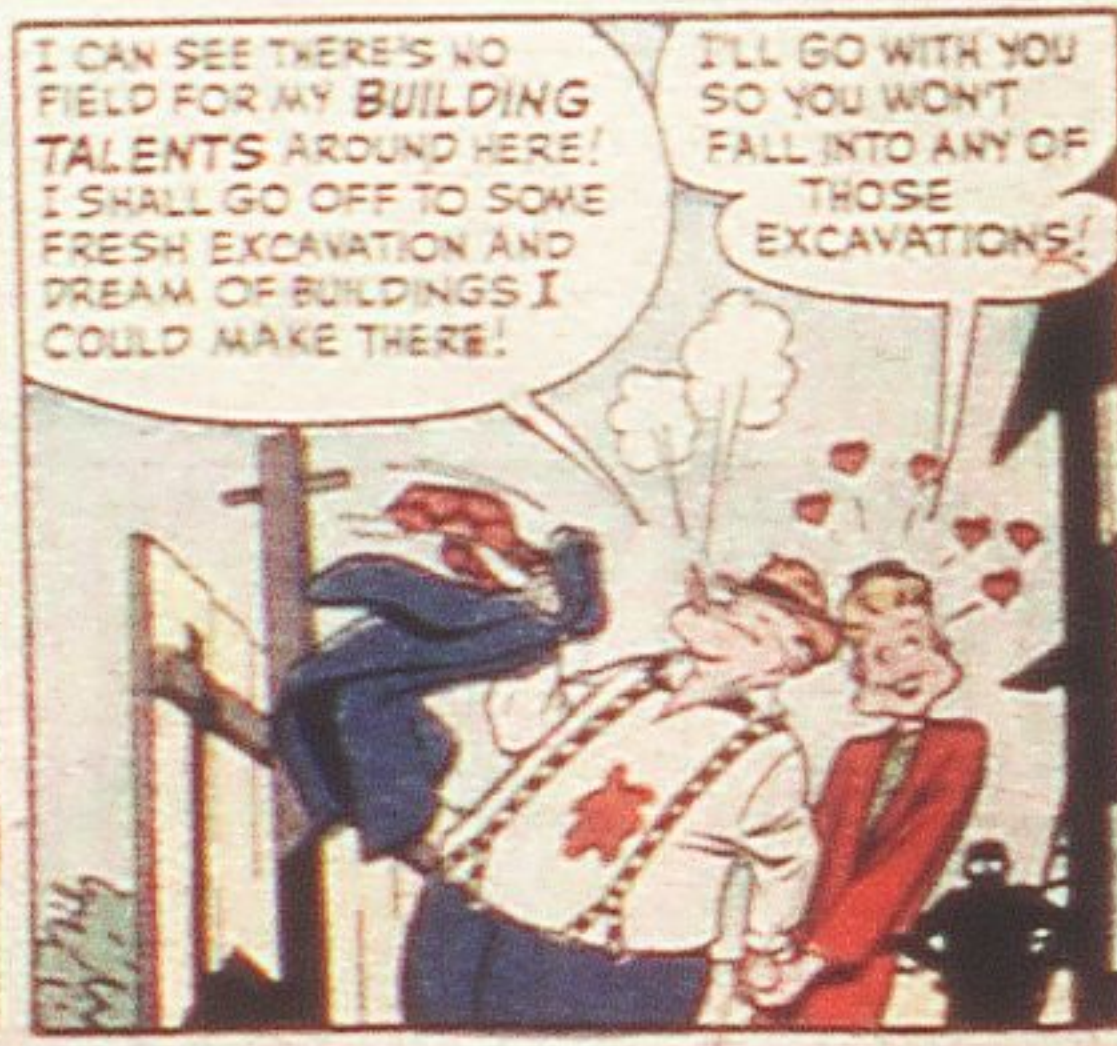
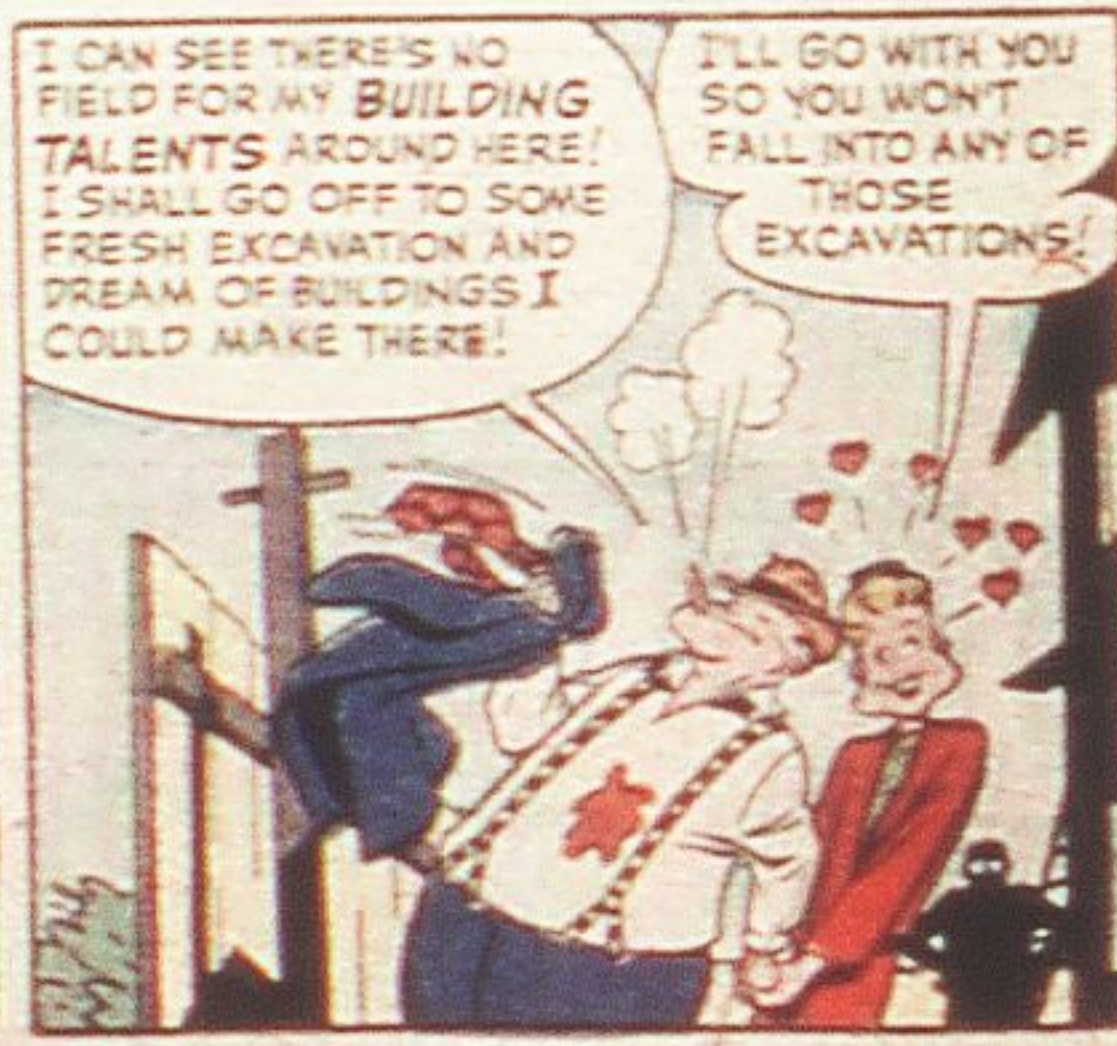
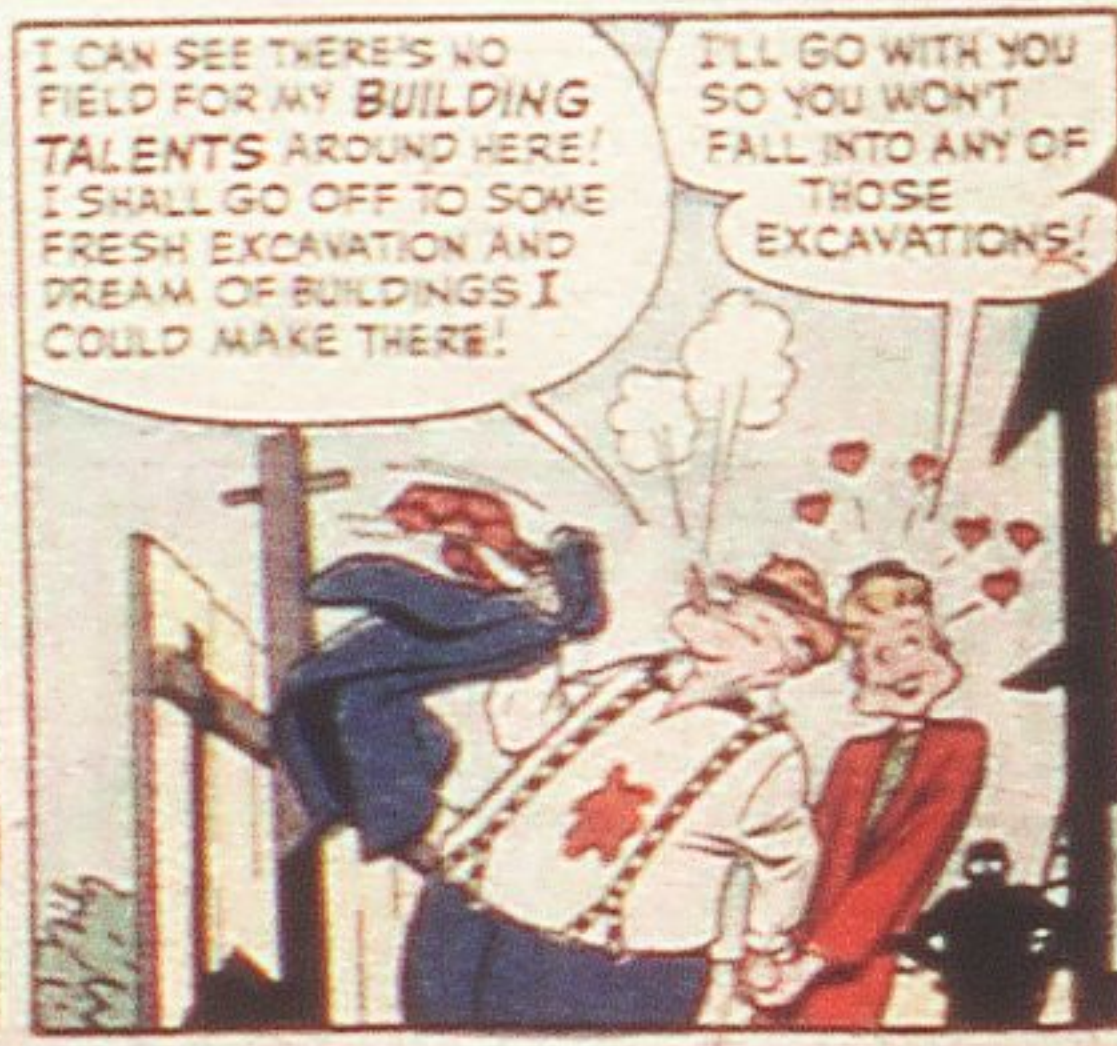




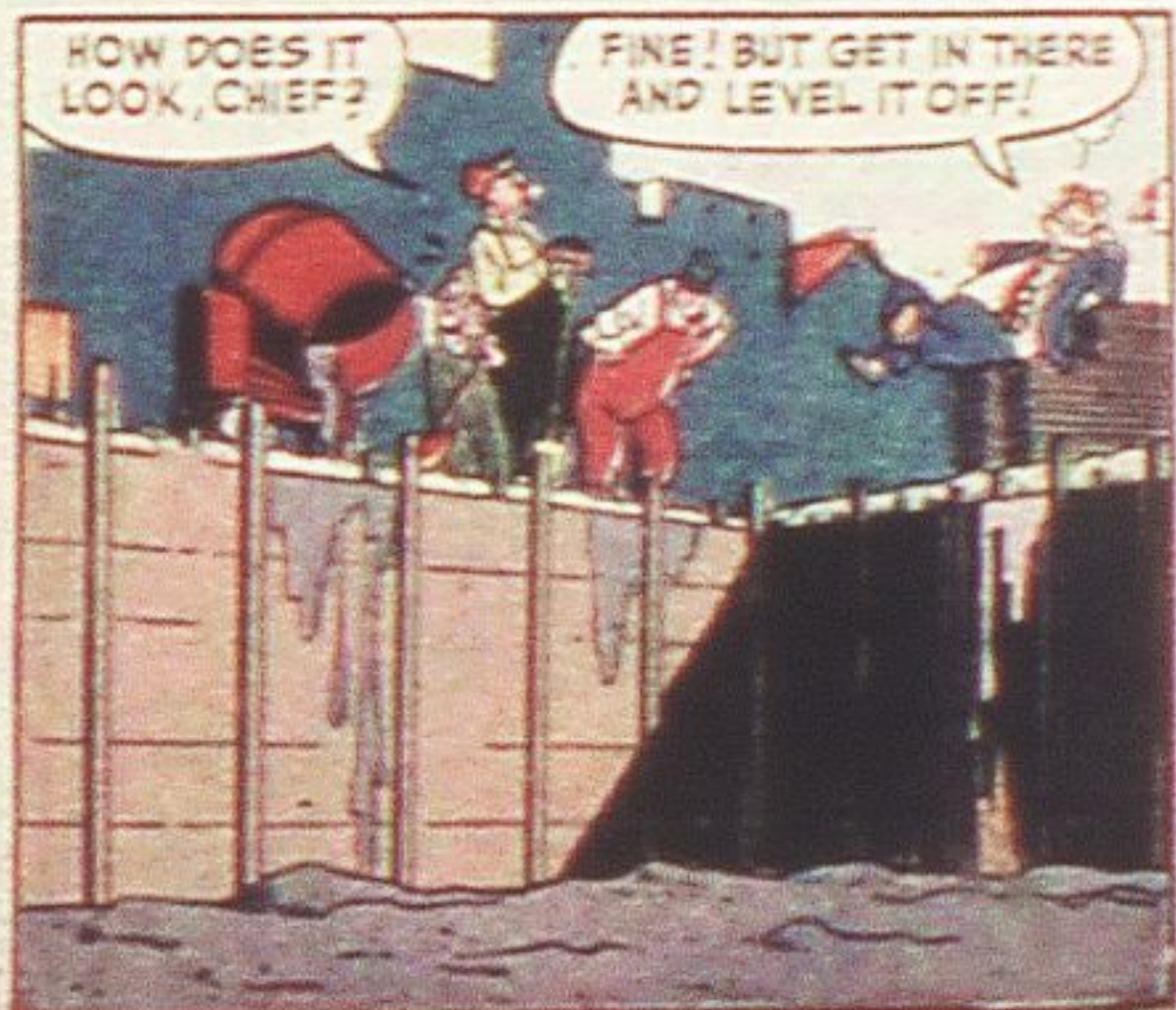
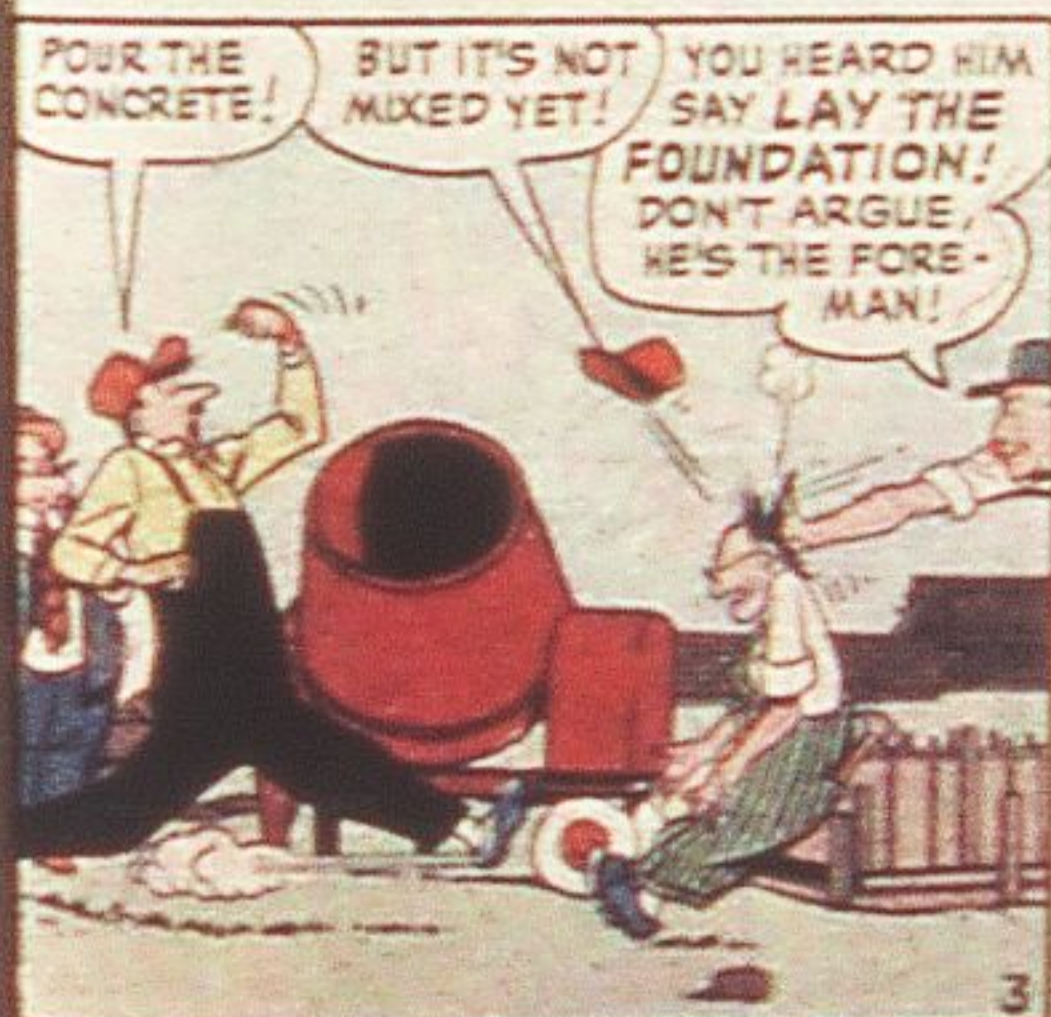
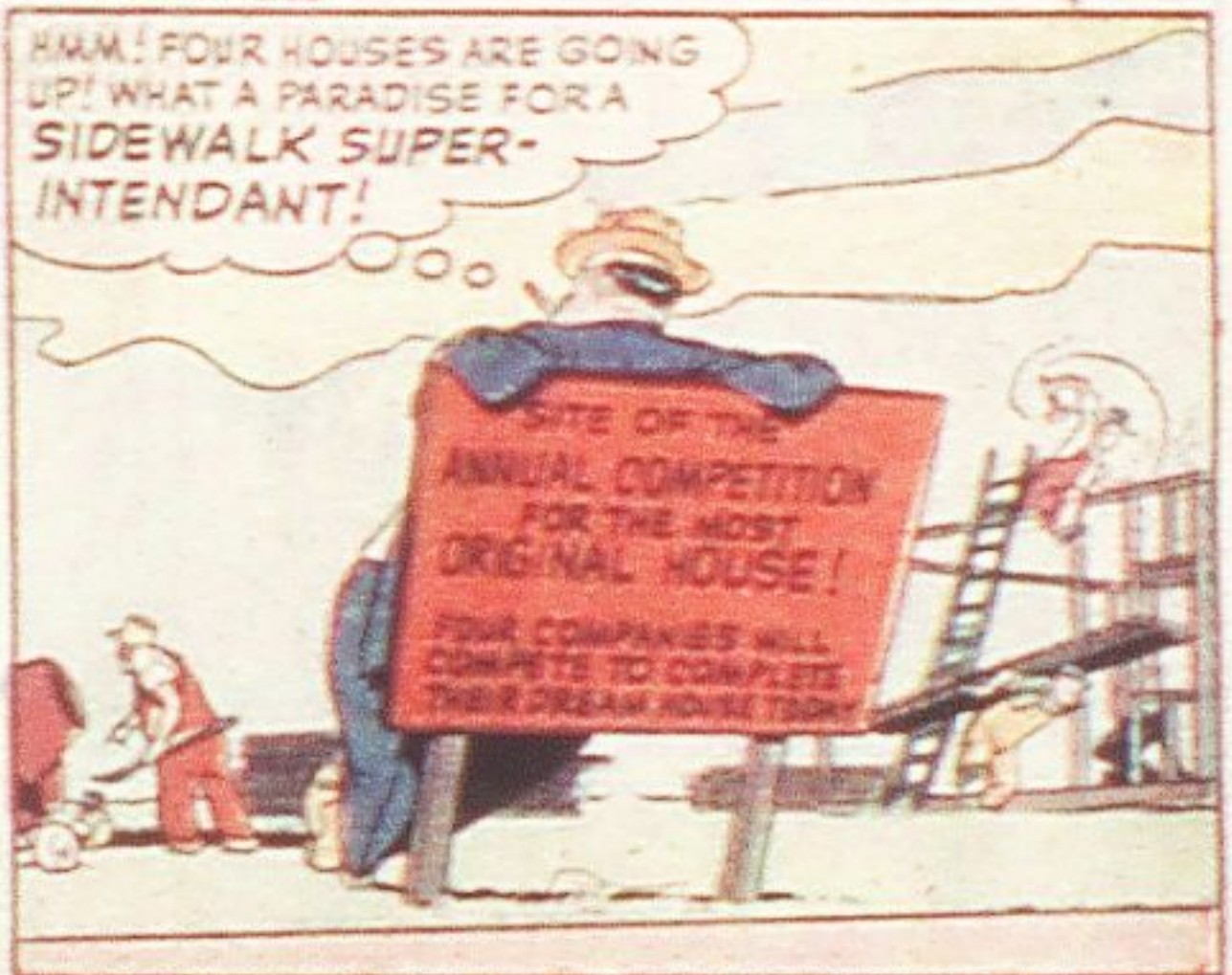
# WILL BRAGG



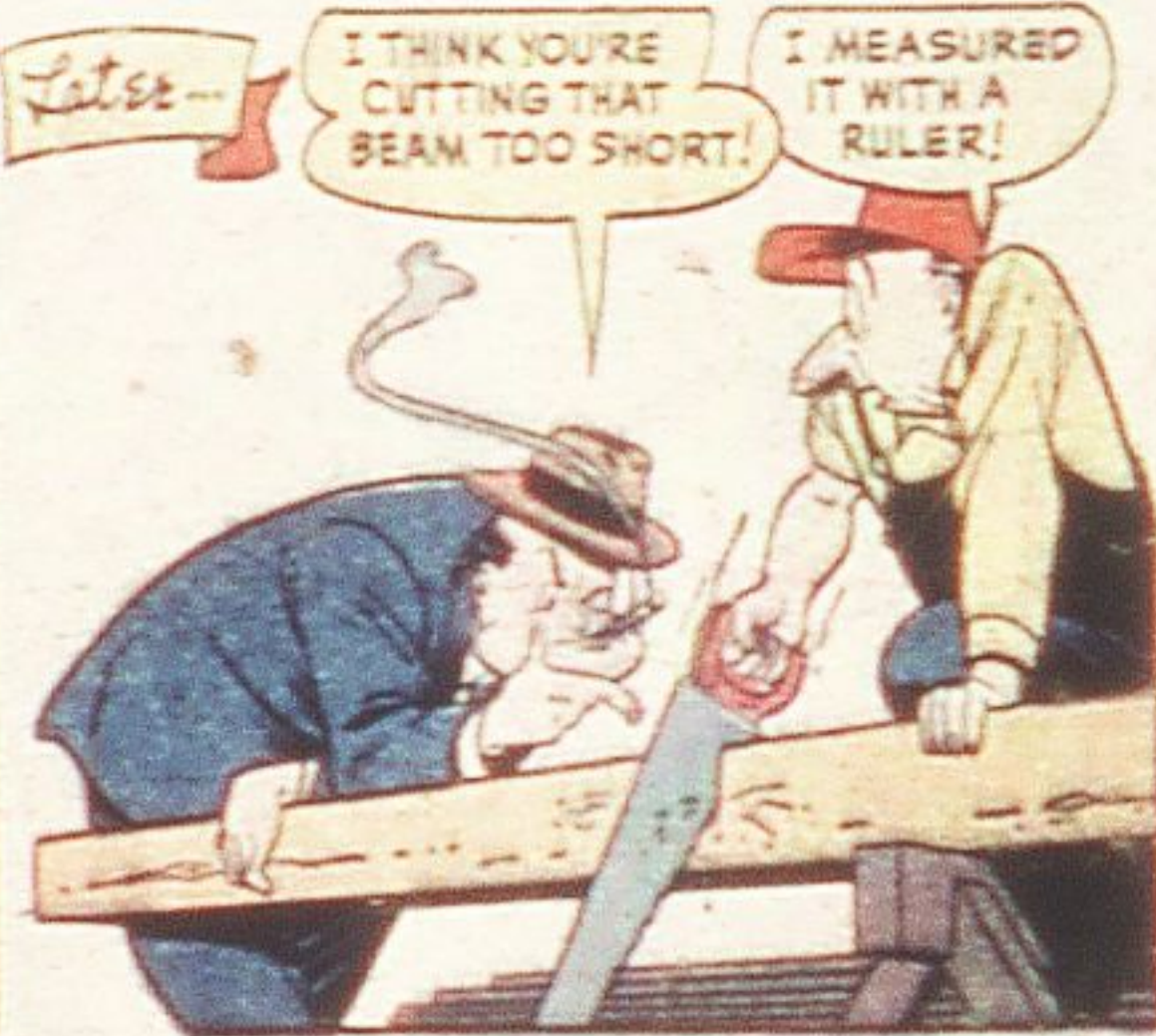




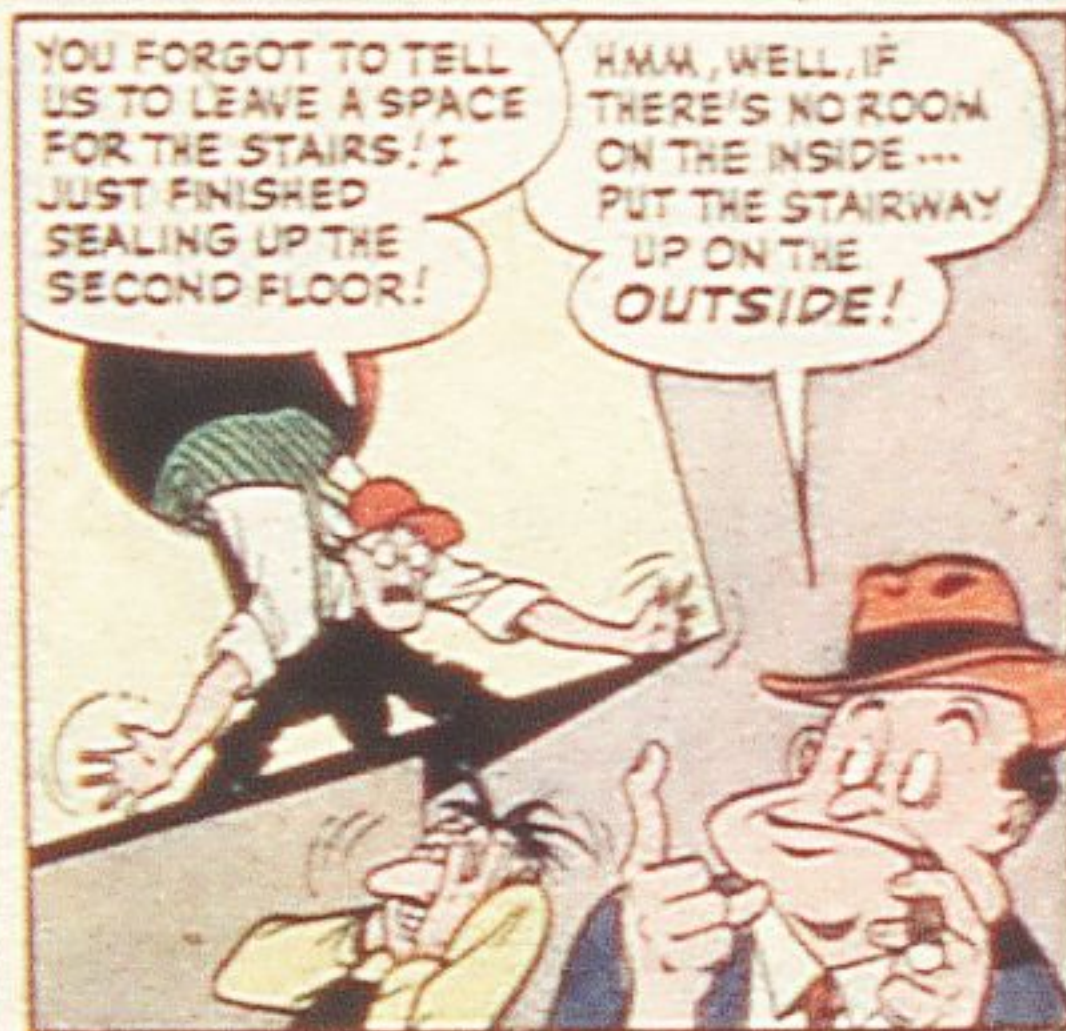
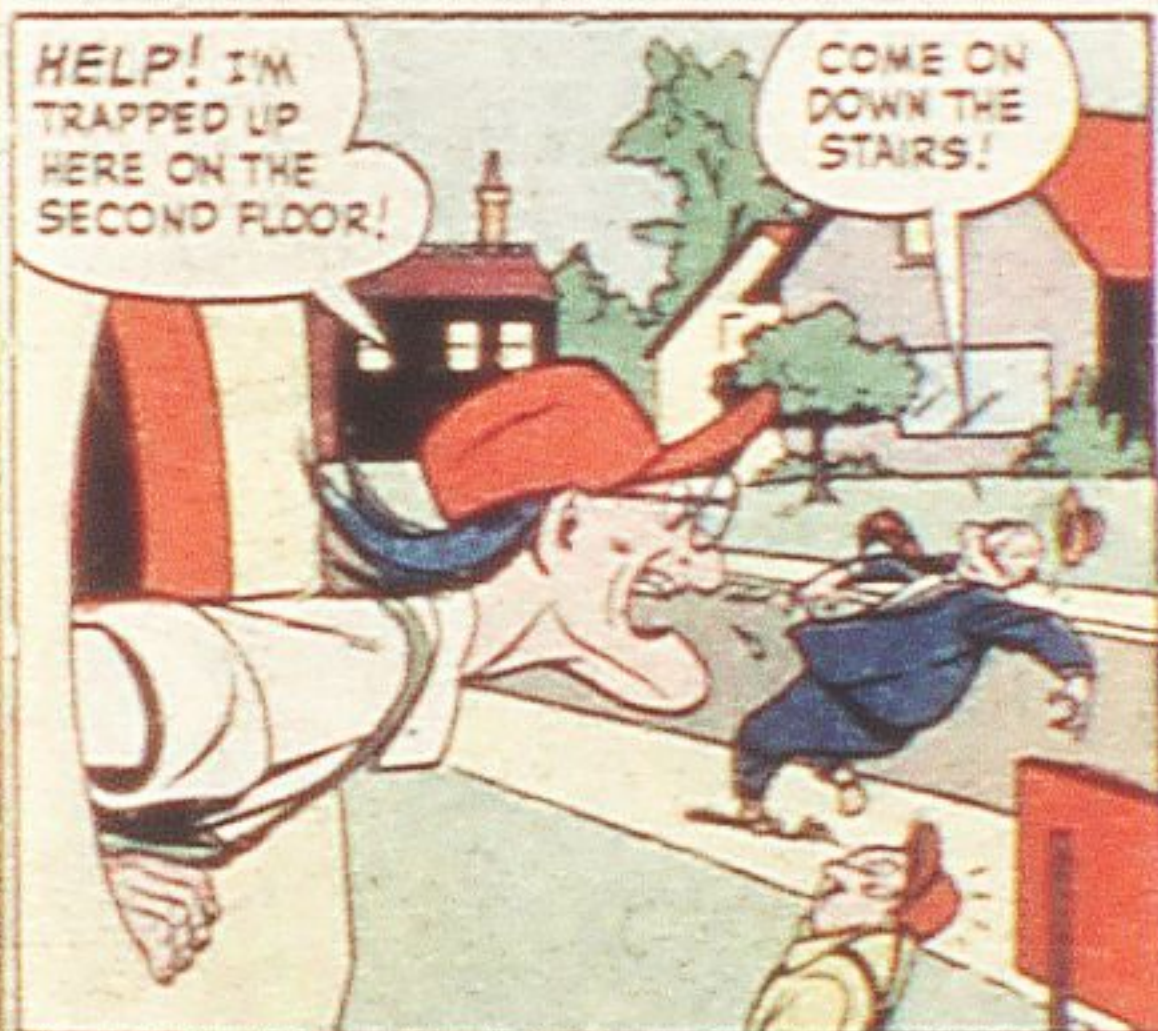




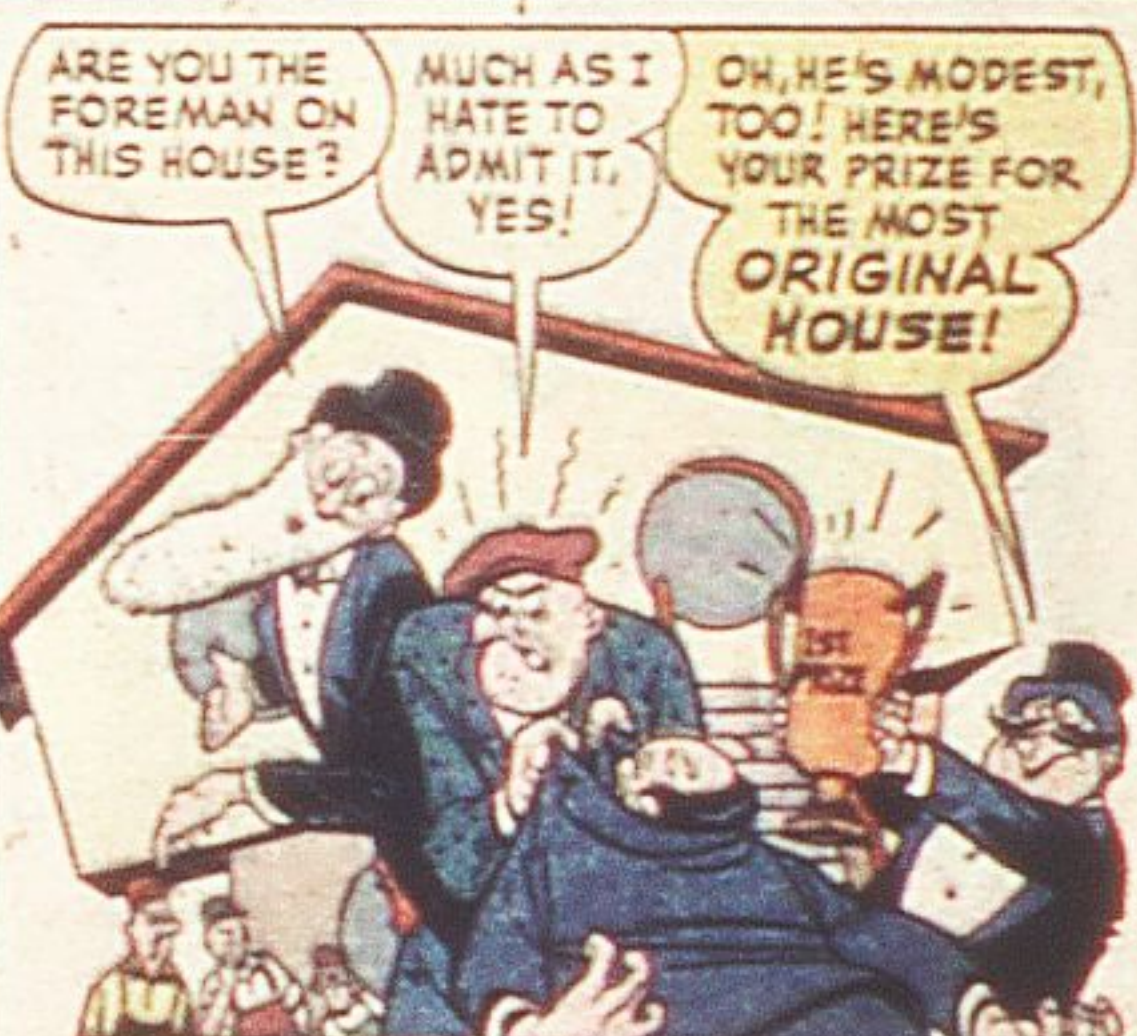
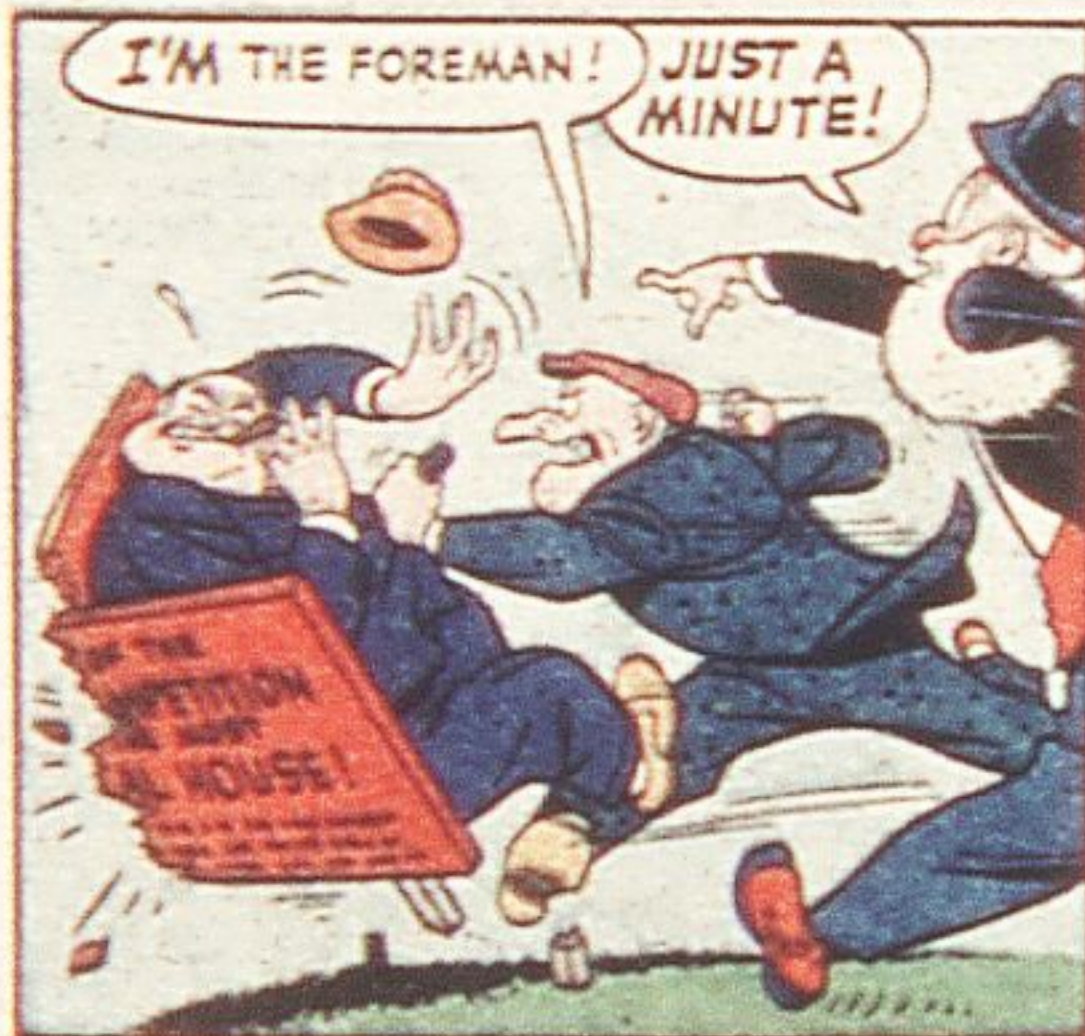
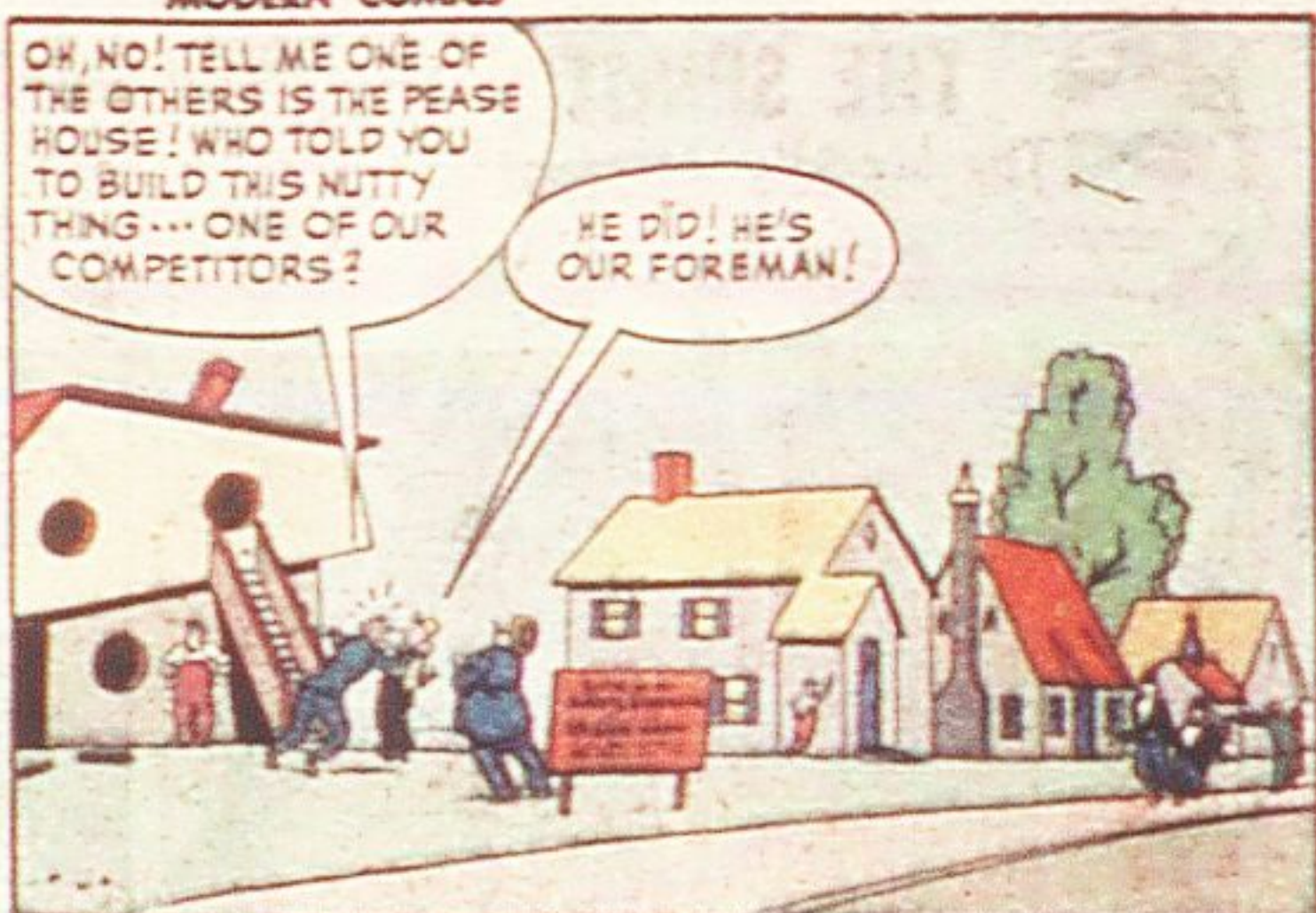
















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**THYROID SHALE**  
OUR HURLER... CAN  
THREAD A NEEDLE WITH  
ANY KINDA BALL  
YOU WANNA NAME, BUT  
THE ONLY  
FIRST STRINGER  
WE HAVE!



**SHUTTLE**  
THE  
SHORT STOP  
GOBBLES UP  
GROUNDERS  
LIKE A  
VACUUM CLEANER,  
BUT THE ONLY  
TRUSTWORTHY  
ONE WE HAVE!!



**FLUMMER** IN LEFT FIELD  
AND **HOKKER** THE PINCH-  
HITTER ARE ALL THAT YD  
WANT... BUT THE ONLY  
ONES WE HAVE!!!!





Commissioner Dolan's Office:

Y' THINK SOMEONE'S  
FIXIN' YOUR NEXT  
GAME...EH?

YEAH, NO I  
THINK I KNOW  
WHO... HE IS...



KIDS!  
9K!?!  
LITTLE  
HOODLUMS  
CAUSE  
ACCIDENTS!

HARDLY, DOLAN! WE'RE 3 FLIGHTS  
UP... THAT ROCK WAS THROWN BY A  
PRO!... HELLO! LET ME SPEAK  
TO YAPPY POACHER!



YAPPY, I KNOW YOU'RE  
AN HONEST PLAYER BUT  
THERE'S TALK OF YOUR  
TEAM TAKING A  
DIVE IN.....



WHO, ME? \*!@?  
NEVER!!  
\*C\*!?



Yappy Poacher's Home--

DARLING, WHAT  
ARE YOU YELLING  
ABOUT?

THAT  
SPIRIT...  
ACCUSIN' MY  
TEAM OF  
THROWIN'  
GAMES!



WAIT A MIN....  
WHAT WERE  
YOU DOING, LONNY,  
HAVING LUNCH  
WIT YER EX-  
HUSBAND  
LONGCHANCE?

EXP  
WHAT'D YOU  
SAY?



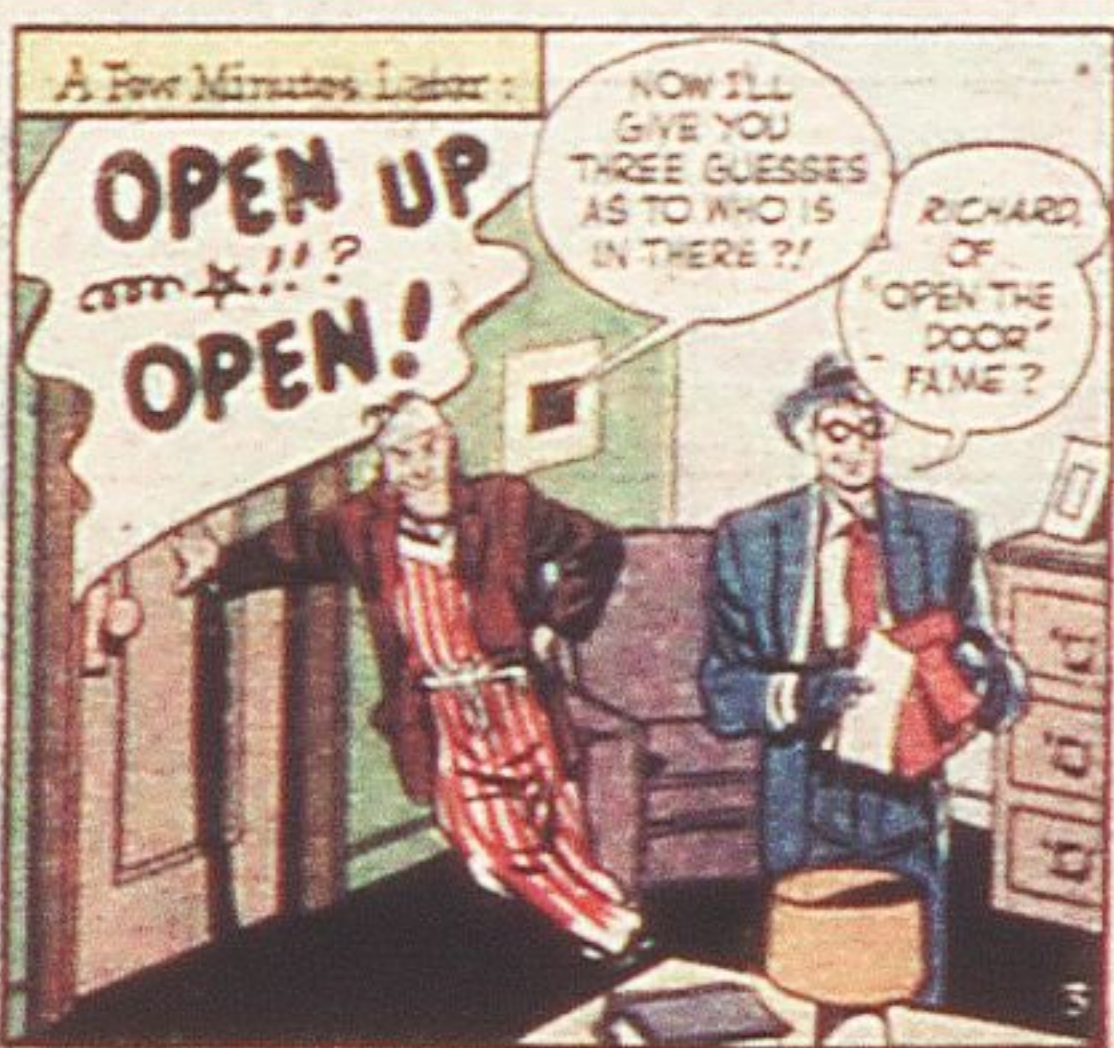
YOU HEARD ME!  
I'LL BET HE'S  
FIXIN'.....



HELLO, LONGCHANCE,  
I'VE GOT IT ALL  
FIXED! THE  
ORIOLES WILL  
LOSE!



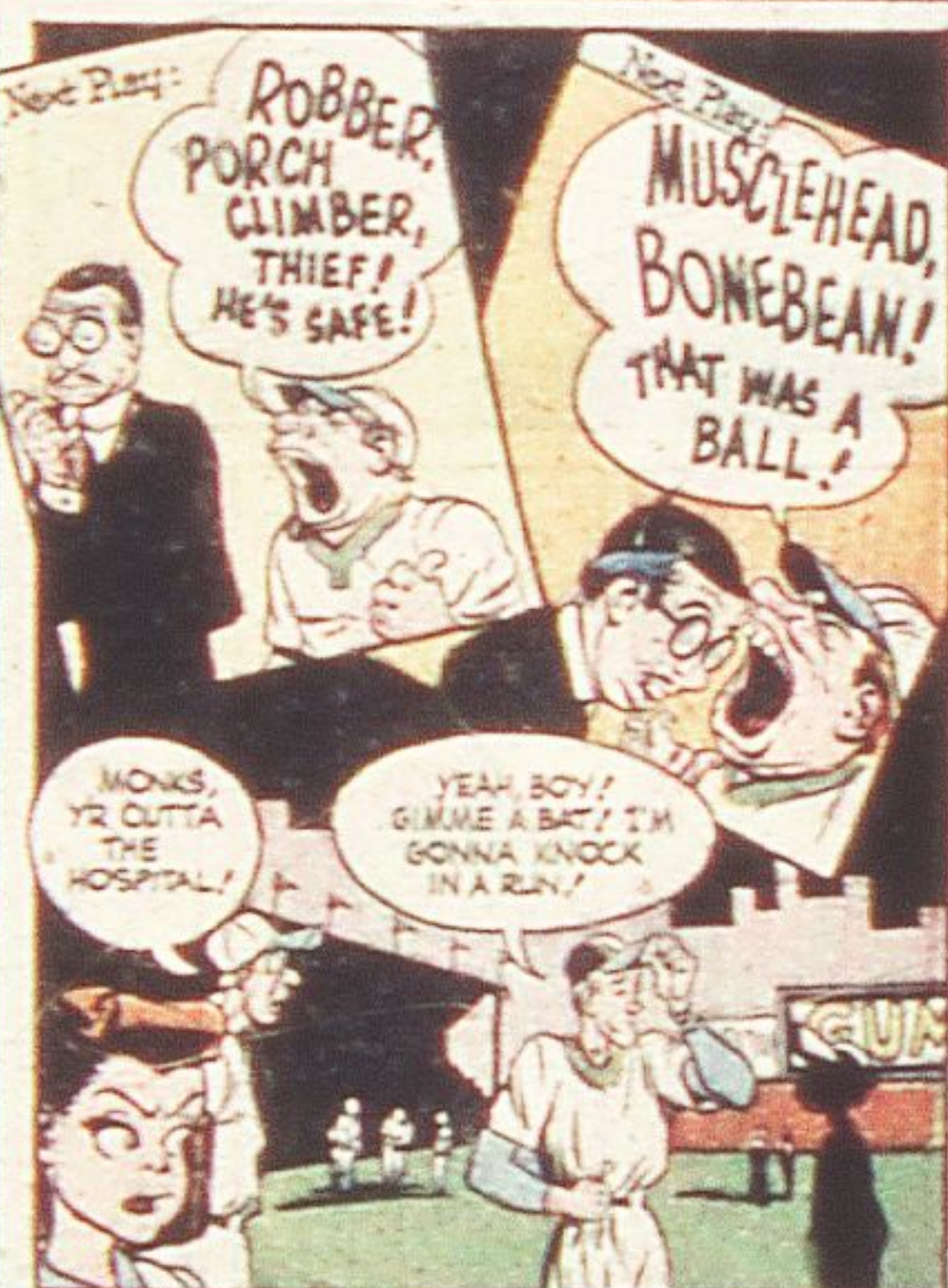
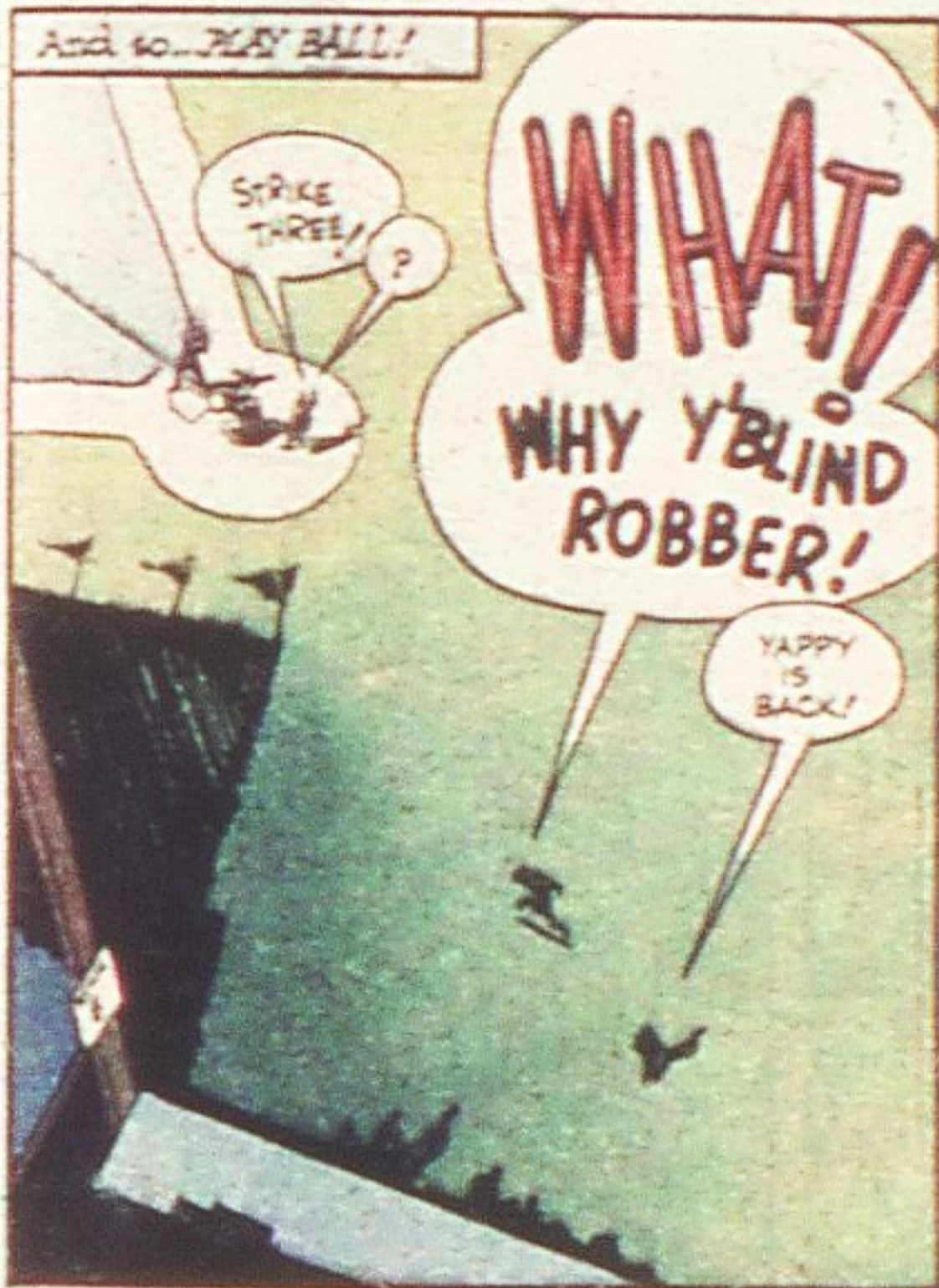






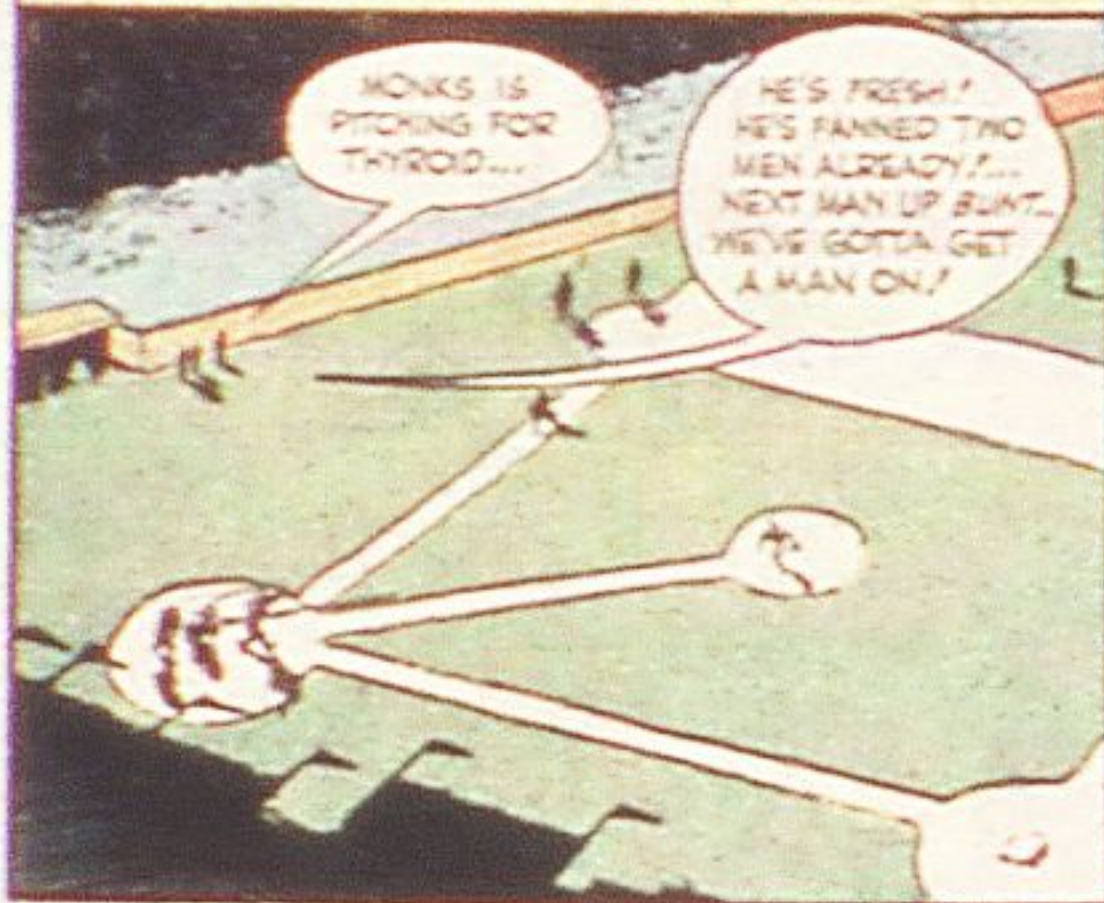








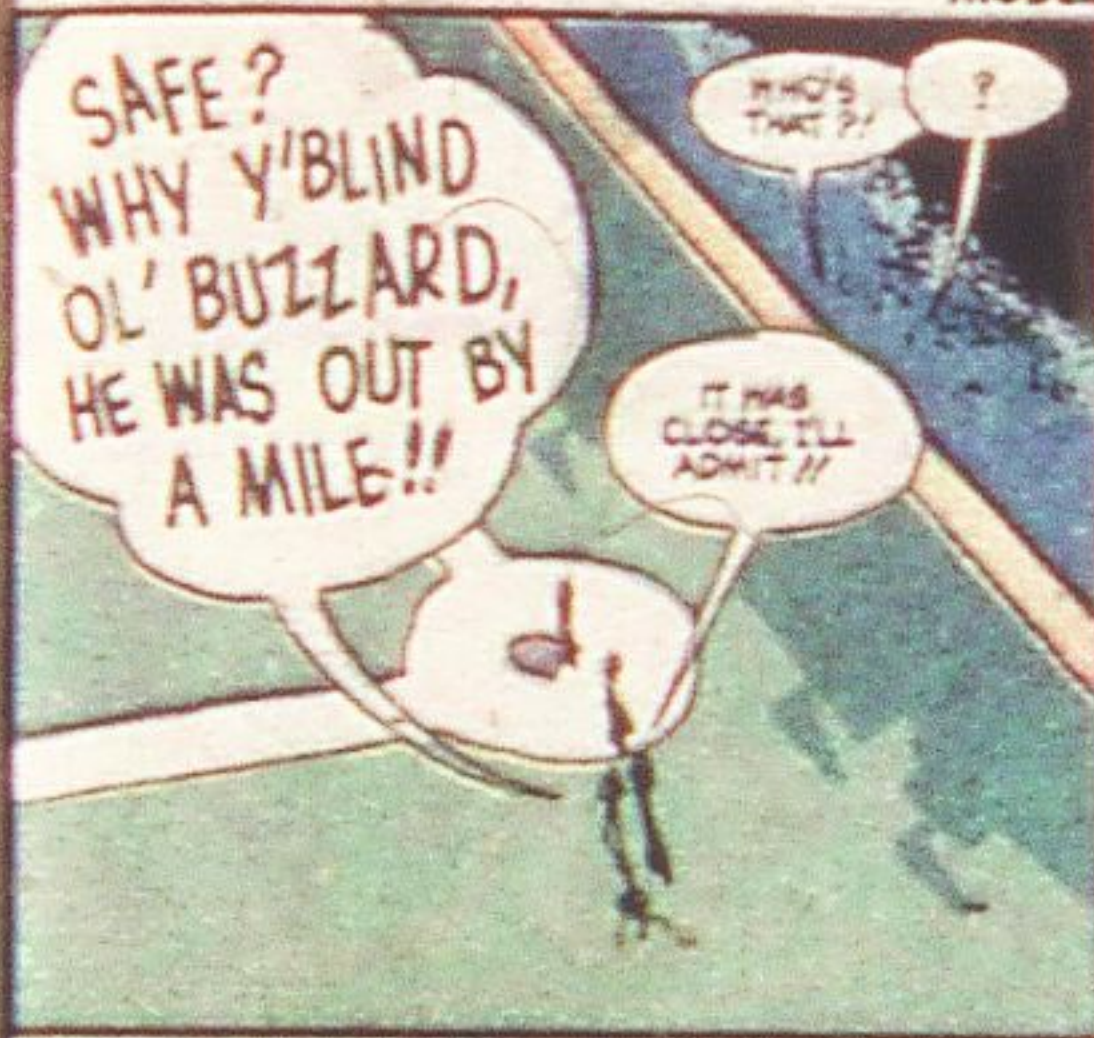
The score is 4-3. The Orioles take the field. Now if only they can hold the Sportssocks down....



The Oracle Dugout:









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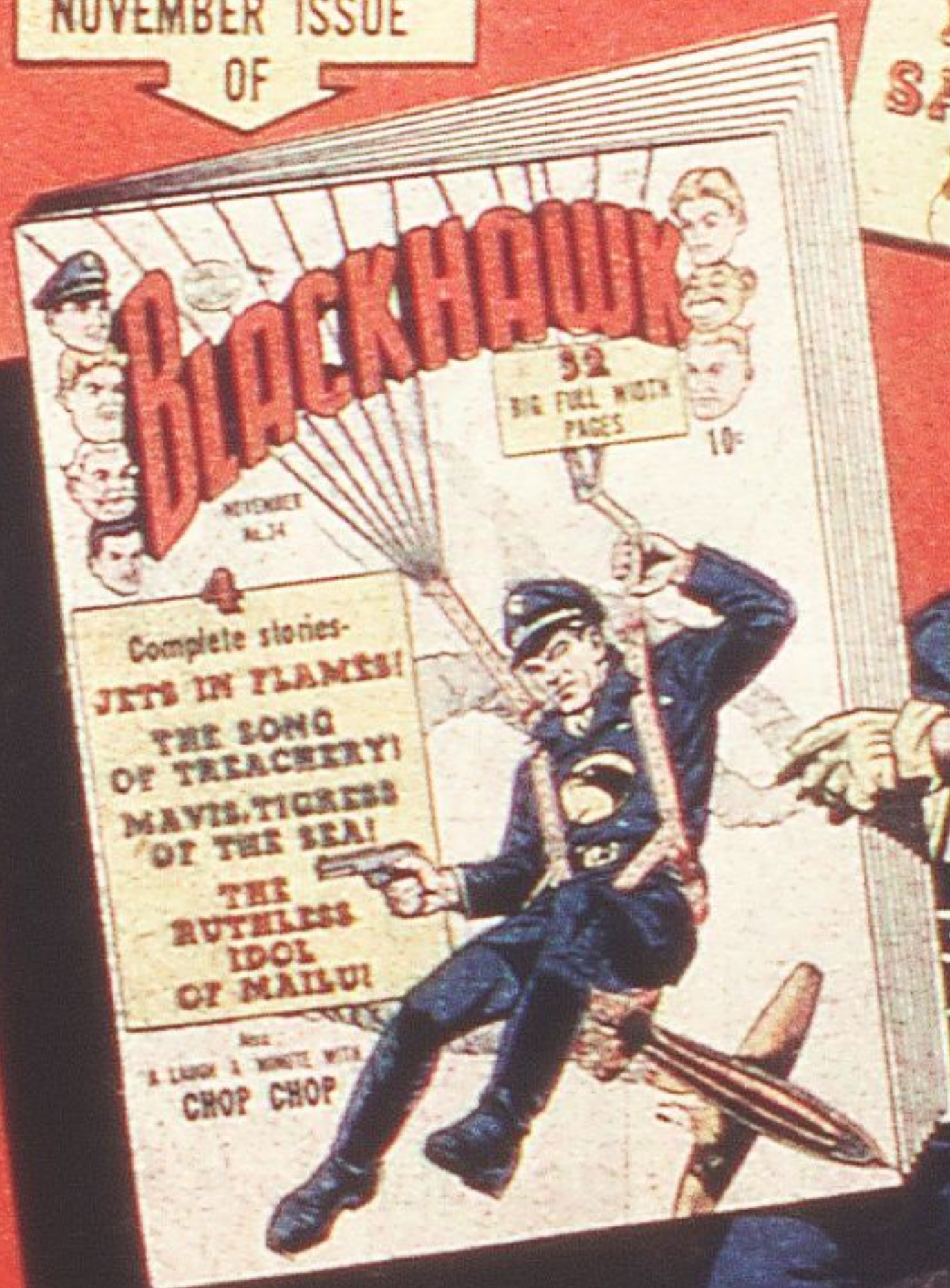
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 OUT OF IT!

IT'S A  
 HIT!

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 TO THE SWITCH MAZE.  
 WATCH THE LIGHTS!

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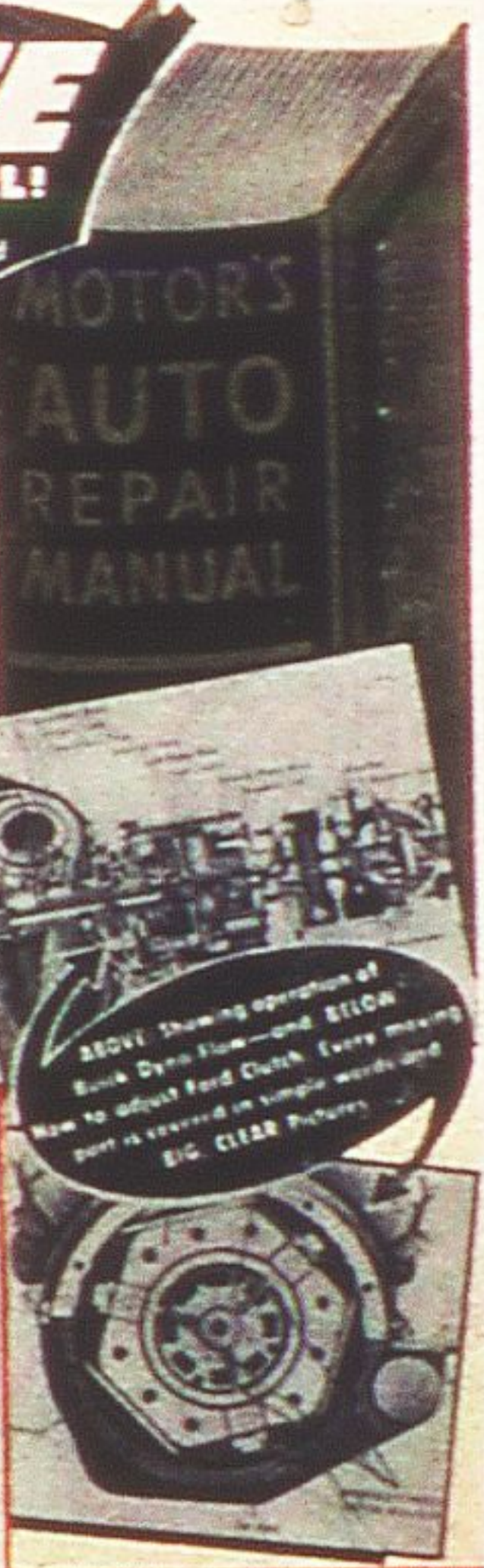
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